The Enterprise.

VOL. 8. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1903. NO. 21.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:26 A. M. Daily.
12:48 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

12:20 A. M. Daily.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	6:45	12:10
" "	—	2:33
" South	—	12:48
" "	—	6:56

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
South	8:55	12:25
"	—	6:25
"	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK
H. W. Schaberg.....Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER
John F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

YAQUIS MUTILATED THE PASSENGERS.

Another Victim of the Reported Stage Massacre in Mexico Found Strangled.

Tucson, A. T.—Advices from Hermosillo, Mexico, state that one more body has been found near the point where the stage was held up and the passengers massacred, between Torreon and Potam. The body found is that of a woman. It had been terribly mutilated and afterward dragged a distance of fifty yards into the brush. A piece of rope was found around the neck of the body, showing that the woman had been choked to death. In all five passengers were killed. Filberto Alvarado, one of the victims, was a wealthy rancher and was on his way home with his bride of two months. The other two victims were women, Senora D. H. Gonzales, wife of a well-to-do rancher andd miner, and Senorita Julia Berdo, a young woman of Torreon. The body of Alvarado was shockingly mutilated. It appears he was the special object of Yaqui hatred. It has been definitely confirmed that the murderers were Yaqui Indians, numbering between fifteen and twenty. They were evidently well armed, as the bodies of the victims were riddled with bullet holes. Two companies of soldiers, besides the brother of Alvarado, are on the trail.

Carter Harrison Renominated.

Chicago.—Mayor Carter H. Harrison was renominated for a fourth term in the Democratic City Convention here Tuesday.

EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important and Interesting Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

THE LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

Short, Crisp, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's News in a Form Appreciated By All Busy Readers.

At Buffalo, N. Y., five small boys lighted a stick of dynamite which they found in the northern part of the city. The explosive went off with terrific force. Three of the boys are dead.

Prince Albert Kukailimoku Kunuiakoa is dead of consumption at Honolulu. He was the last descendant of Kamehameha the Great and would some day have been King of Hawaii had the Kamehameha dynasty lived.

A dispatch from Manila says the American steamers Navarra and Nuestra Senora de Lourdes have been in collision off Punta Santiago and both vessels sank and will prove a total loss. Some of the passengers and crews were saved.

The Overland Limited, eastbound, aud freight train No. 27, westbound, on the Union Pacific, collided head-on at Gilmore station, twelve miles west of Omaha, Nebraska. The fireman on the freight is buried beneath the wreckage and is supposed to be dead.

Dr. l'Hommedieu of the New York port health authorities, who is in charge of the Anchor liner Karamania, on which a number of mysterious deaths occurred, said that the ship's surgeon and Dr. Ballaylio, a Government physician on the ship, had virtually acknowledged a belief that the four seamen and two passengers who died on the voyage had been stricken with cholera.

Preliminary tests of a wireless telegraph system between the harbor forts were made under the directon of Lieutenant-Colonel Dunwoody, signal officer, United States Army, and in future the wireless system will be used regularly for communicating between Fort Wadsworth, on Staten island, and Fort Hancock, across about fifteen miles of lower New York bay.

A cable to the New York Sun from Calcutta says: There is much interest here in the extraordinary activity of a body styled the Socialistic League, which is enrolling Eurasians, Mohammedans, Hindoos, Burmese and Chinese in a crusade against overcrowding and dirt. The league insists upon working independently of the municipal government. The Europeans are holding aloof from the movement.

A collision between passenger train 2 and a freight train on the Colorado and Southern at Beshbar, twelve miles south of Trinidad, Colorado, resulted in the death of one man, J. M. Shaver, fireman on the passenger train, and the injury of two more, one of whom will die. The freight train was backing into the siding to permit the passenger train to pass when the eccentric of the engine slipped and the engine became useless, leaving one freight car upon the main track. A flagman was sent back to warn the passenger train, but before he had gone far the passenger came along, running at high rate of speed, and crashed into the car and engine. Both engines were wrecked. None of the passengers were injured.

The Cuban Senate, by a vote of 16 to 5, has ratified the reciprocity treaty with the United States. The treaty was thus ratified by exactly two-thirds of the vote of the Senate. Fifteen Republican-Conservatives or administration Senators and one Nationalist voted in favor of the treaty, and five Nationalists against it. There were three absentees, all of whom, it is believed, favored the treaty. The ratification required only a majority vote, so that there were three votes to spare. The custom of approving the treaty by articles was dispensed with, and the recommendations of the committee were approved in their entirety. So many members of the House have visited the Senate during the past two days that the sessions of the House have been suspended.

Detectives of the West Thirtieth-street Station in New York city are much mystified over the finding of the body of a young white woman lying at the foot of the stairs leading to a billiard-room owned and patronized by negroes on the second floor of 104 Thirtieth street. The woman was of good appearance and well dressed. A surgeon who examined the body said death was due to a fracture of the base of the skull. There was blood upon the stairs leading to the clubroom, as though the woman had either been thrown down or had tried to drag herself up after she was hurt. Thirteen colored men who were in the clubrooms were taken to the station-house and four of them were locked up on suspicion of knowing something of the manner in which the woman came to her death.

The President, by executive order, has turned the Midway islands over to the Navy Department. This was done at the instance of the Pacific Cable Company, which has asked for the protection of its property on the islands. Roving Japanese sailors are in the habit of putting in at the islands for the plumage of sea fowl and for guano. It is probable that the Navy will establish a small station on the islands and American war ships will make a practice of touching there much more frequently than they have done in the past. The islands are two in number, Sand island having 633 acres, and Eastern island, 245 acres. There is a harbor affording about eighteen feet of water. The islands are deemed essential to the operation of the Pacific cable, which will touch there on its western route from Hawaii.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW

Demand is Active With Staple Prices Strong at Close to Record Levels.

New York.—Bradstreet's says: Demand is active, with staple prices strong at close to record levels, despite drawbacks in the shape of bad roads, labor troubles East and West and heavy rains, overflowing rivers and backward farm preparations at the South. The continued report of slow and even poor collections noted for some time past are accentuated by, perhaps partly the result of, the bad condition of the country roads consequent upon the change in the season. Labor troubles present and prospective especially harass building trades consuming iron and steel in the metropolis. The traffic congestion, though improved, still affects the transportation of coke, lumber, flour and grain.

Retail business generally has been checked by weather conditions, but this has not militated against business with jobbers. The lumber trade continues active the country over. Prices are firmer at close to top quotations.

The much feared check to trade caused by past heavy advances in staple prices as yet has failed to materialize. The present level of commodity prices is at the highest point reached in three years. February's movement was very generally upward. New features are the expansion noted in demand for crude and finished iron and steel, a very heavy advance in the price of copper, higher quotations for lead, firmer cotton and wide fluctuations and wide, steady cereal pices.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending March 12th number 176, against 171 last week.

An Ingenious Burglar Breaks Jail at Chico.

Chico.—George Brown, being held for burglary committed near Durham, has broken jail here. He poured turpentine on the woodwork in which was imbedded the iron bars across the windows, and burned out enough wood to release the ends of two bars, which he bent apart sufficiently to permit him to squeeze through. The bars being heavy, the prisoner took his iron cell bed to pieces, wrapped a blanket around the side rail and used the rail in prying the bars apart. Brown is a dangerous man. Officers have been scouring the county all day for him without success.

Fired a File Through His Heart.

Iowa City, Ia.—Jacob Brum, a workingman, ended his life in a sensational manner. He loaded a gun with a three-cornered file, and, the trigger being broken, he placed the butt of the gun in a stove and the muzzle against his breast, and waited for the heat to fire the weapon. The file went through his heart.

BLACKMAIL IS ALLEGED IN CHICAGO

Officer of Get-Rich-Quick Scheeme Accuses the Postoffice Department.

EX-EMPLOYES SAID TO HAVE CLOSED MAILS

They Demanded Money, He Says, at Different Times and Upon His Refusal to Pay Them Carried Out Threats to Make Trouble.

Chicago.—New developments in the scandal involving Washington officials in the protection of "get-rich-quick" concerns came when Gustave E. Beerly, a Chicago lawyer, gave out a letter charging blackmail on the part of the ex-chief clerk of the Postoffice Department, with the connivance of the Postoffice Department. The letter making the charges is signed by S. M. Biddison, until last year president of the State Annual Life Insurance Company of Illinois.

On retiring from the presidency of the company Biddison sent a personal letter to each stockholder, stating his reasons for retiring. Portions of the letter sent out by Biddison are as follows: "We have many obstacles to overcome, but the worst we have had to contend with was ex-employes of the Postoffice Department at Washington attempting to blackmail us. In 1894 our mails were closed because we refused to contribute $100 to the ex-chief clerk of the Postoffice Department. They were again closed in 1897 because we refused $50 to the same party. Each time our mails were released after appealing to the Postmaster-General. We were asked again in January of the present year to contribute $50 a month for one year to have our contract approved by the Postoffice Department. We refused to make the contribution and our mails were closed for the third time.

"I lack nerve to longer fight the blackmailing crowd that is eternally after our new enterprise, or I am not diplomatic enough to handle blackmailers."

Biddison is now in business in New York.

Married Ten Minutes After Their Meeting.

Baltimore.—Within ten minutes after her debarkation from the steamer Branberg from Bremen, Miss Pauline Schleng, a steerage passenger, was married to F. A. Kiregstedt, a German farmer living in King George county, Virginia, where he has a farm of 210 acres, and a lumber and grist mill. Kiregstedt has been in this country twelve years and recently asked his parents in Germany to select a bride. They chose Miss Schleng, who accepted the offer. When they were brouhgt together by Pastor Apitz, who had been taken into the groom's confidence, both became nervous and confused. Neither spoke a word to the other during the ten minutes' interval that lapsed between their meeting and the marriage ceremony.

To Make Sandstone Brick.

Bakersfield.—The Sandstone Brick Company, which was incorporated a short time ago, was formally organized this week. It will erect a large plant here for making sandstone brick, an industry little known in this country, but now being introduced from Europe. The company is one of several now being organized for this purpose in California. It is the intention to establish five plants in this state—two in San Francisco, one each in Los Angeles, Stockton and Bakersfield. The machinery for the several plants is now en route from Europe. The officers of the company are: William S. Tevis, president, C. J. Lindgren, vice-president, and Frank S. Rice, Secretary, all of Bakersfield.

Increase of Wages Refused.

Lowell, Mass.—The request of the Lowell Textile Council for a 10 per cent increase in wages of the 20,000 cotton operatives of the city has been refused. Another conference will be sought by the employes.

Revolution Breaks Out in Uruguay.

Montevideo, Uruguay.—A revolution has broken out in the departments of Rivera, Flores and Maldonado. The Government does not attach any importance to the movement.

FORTUNE LEFT IN OLD CLOTHES.

Mrs. N. Lund of San Francisco Loses Valuables Worth $22,000.

New Orleans.—A fortune of $22,000 hidden in a bundle of old clothes lay in a corner of Victor's restaurant for many hours, though half a dozen waiters and a few irascible patrons had kicked and shoved the little parcel with its treasures times innumerable.

Mrs. N. C. Lund, widow of the San Francisco stock broker and millionaire, and Miss Edna Pearl Lund were preparing to leave for Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York after the carnival. A diamond tiara, 200 stock certificates of United States Steel preferred and $840 in cash were placed in a chatelaine pouch, and for safe-keeping over night sewed into a pillow slip. The next morning the Lunds' trunks were in readiness, while a bundle of garments intended as a gift for a trusty waiter at Victor's lay on the bed. The pillow slip was torn open, but to the dismay of the millionaire's widow, no money bag was to be found. Consternation reigned.

Five hours after the Californians thought of the waiter's bundle. They came to Victors, and, to their surprise, discovered the sought-for riches wrapped inside. Instead of sewing the money in the pillow it had been left on the bed at night and carelessly wrapped up with the old garments. N. C. Lund was at one time a partner of James R. Keene, the famous New York financier, when the latter was making fame and money in California.

HUGE CONTINENTAL SYSTEM OF CANALS

Capitalists to Unite All North American Peoples in a Vast Scheeme.

New York.—The Mail and Express says a committee of forty men, prominent in the affairs of this city and nation, was appointed to call an international convention, including all the peoples of North America, for the formulation of plans for a huge continental system of canals for the purpose of navigation and reclamation of desert regions. It is proposed to organize a continental association "to promote the construction of a continental system of deep water ways and the canalization of the rivers of the continent which discharge their waters into the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, or the Gulf of Mexico, and the creation of a continental system of water powers for use in production and distribution and of reservoirs for the irrigation of arid and arable lands of the continent." The meeting at which this step was taken was held in the office of Andrew H. Green on Broadway, and was attended by 300 men of distinction in the commercial life of this city. Ethan Allen delivered an address, in which he showed clearly what an enterprise like that proposed by means of an interrnational movement would mean. "Ten billion dollars," he said, "will construct a continental system of deep-sea canals, and the canalization of our rivers, as above mentioned, and at the same time create a water power equal to 50,000,000 horse-power or 700,000,000 man power."

Fifty Thousand Paid for Van Dyck Painting.

New York.—The portrait of Marie Anne de Schoodt by Sir Anthony Van Dyck which was imported last autumn from England by J. T. Blakeslee of this city has been sold by him to the Boston Museum. The price paid, it is reported on good authority, was $50,000. The canvas is one of the most important and best known examples of brilliant painting and was originally bought by a private collector in England from Herr Edmond Huybrechts of Antwerp. It was exhibited in the Van Dyck exhibition at Antwerp in 1899. It was also shown in the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy in London in 1900 and engraved in Max Roose's "fifty masterpieces."

To Open Schools for the Study of Chinese.

Vancouver, B. C.- Four hundred delegates are in attendance at the Chinese Empire Reform Association of British Columbia, the annual meeting of which opened here. The association decided to erect a large headquarters building here and to open Chinese day and night schools, not to teach English, but Chinese. The schools are to be specially for the education of Chinese youths, but will also be open to Europeans.

THIRTY-TON POWER WHEEL SHATTERED.

Pieces Hurtle Through Roof and Walls of the Los Angeles Traction Building.

Los Angeles.—With crack and snap the mammoth thirty-ton flywheel in the old power-house of the Los Angeles Traction Company broke and three immense pieces of the broken wheel went sailing through the roof of the building. A large section of a pulley, which was shattered by a picee of broken flywheel, was carried around in the belt and shot through the front wall of the power building, carrying bricks and mortar to the opposite side of the street. Two large pieces of the flywheel, after passing through the power building roof, fell on the car barn, which adjoins the power-room, and, crashing through the roof, struck car 124 of the University line, completely shattering the top and one side of the motor.

A workman named Biggs, who was cleaning the windows of the car, narrowly escaped with his life. A conductor sitting in front of the shattered motor also had a narrow escape. One hundred or more employes dashed panic-stricken from the barn.

The third piece of the wheel was thrown high into the air and in falling pierced the room of the boiler-house and landed squarely on one of the immense boilers, doing little damage.

Suicide of a Liquor Dealer.

Sacramento.—Edward Dieterle, a well-known resident and for many years engaged in the hotel and liquor business in this city, was found dead on the Balser ranch, near the American river bridge. Dieterle had evidently committed suicide by swallowing a quantity of wood alcohol. Dieterle had been acting queerly for some time and his condition had caused considerable uneasiness to his wife and children.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Well, well! So it seems Romulus didn't found Rome, after all!

Emperor William is going to have a newspaper to voice his views. It'll be a busy sheet.

A Missouri man has been arrested for stealing a tombstone. Perhaps he thought it might burn if it were soaked in oil.

Mrs. Russell Sage has bought a parrot to amuse her husband. The bird probably knows how to say money with great fluency.

A good after-dinner speaker is a man who cares not who makes the laws as long as he can have fun with the lawmakers.

King Edward should obey his physicians and eat less. A king is a man who, above all others, has no right to do as he pleases.

Kipling has given his opinion of his wife's relations. The wife's relations doubtless hold strong and virile views relative to Rudyard.

Abram S. Hewitt left an estate amounting to more than $7,000,000, thus proving that wealth is not incompatible with work.

Some people wear themselves out building up their muscles; and then, thank heaven, they are too tired to show us how strong they are!

A rich man went crazy the other day and started to eat up his money. Pity the sorrows of the man who has it and knows he can't take it with him.

The manipulator of a whisk broom in a New York restaurant left an estate of $45,000. What a joke the tipping system is on those who give the tips.

The people of the United States last year smoked 6,900,000,000 cigars, including those which Aunt Carrie Nation snatched from the mouths of smokers.

The Salvation Army proposes to start a "movement" for the purpose of saving rich men. Can it be possible that the army thinks it has finished with the poor?

A musician has deserted his wife for his piano because he feels that he "was created for better things." Probably his wife protested against his practicing eight hours out of every twenty-four.

President Roosevelt, writing to the parents of Ohio quadruplets, says: "I thoroughly believe in large families." If the President lived in one of the fashionable districts of some of our cities and towns he would be ostracized.

A girl who got married a few days ago to a young man who told her he was an English lord has found out that he is an impostor and wants a divorce. What a splendid exhibition of poetic justice it would be if there were some way in which she could be compelled to go living with him for the rest of her life.

When Rev. Mrs. Annie Ford Eastman says there are too many mountebanks in the pulpit and that superannuated pastors ought to be taken out and shot, she unconsciously substantiates her own statement by giving us an opportunity to suspect that we could point to at least one mountebank.

"Teach the little girls lullabies; they'll need them in the future," is the advice which a man who believes in the educational value of music gave to a company of school teachers in New York not long ago. He also said that the teacher who scolds and wrangles has to fight to keep order, as her voice makes disorder.

In our efforts toward the prevention of crime we have to a large extent gone at the business at the wrong end and it is exceedingly gratifying to see some attention paid to the work of caring for children neglected and exposed to criminal influences and an intelligent effort made to guard them from becoming criminals, and not only in this way reducing the criminal population and the development of crime, thus adding to the honest and useful population, to the amount of honest and useful effort and the greater safety of society.

"I have had a singularly happy life," wrote Jessie Benton Fremont not long before her death; "happy in the loving friendship of my father, of my husband, of my sons, and now of my grandsons. Other things are clouds only, but behind them shines steady and splendid the lasting thing—home love." The woman who as a child used to sit on Andrew Jackson's knee, and was petted by Dolly Madison and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton; who, in her school days acted as bridesmaid at the marriage of the Russian minister, with Mr. Buchanan as her escort; who, as the daughter of a famous Senator and the bride of the brilliant "Pathfinder," was adored by the whole nation was never led by mere honors to forget the secret of a happy life.

The organization of the "Pewee Club" by senior students in Yale University, while unique as a social organization, will have an anthropological interest much greater than any interest of fellowship that may attach to it. While the organization will naturally attract public attention to the achievements of little men in war, in science, in literature and in the industrial arts, it is not the primary purpose of the club to accentuate the ascendancy of little men in history, but rather to institute scientific research into the biological "whys and wherefores" of the undersized man. That Nature has shown no partiality to the man of large stature in the matter of mental endowment there is abundant proof in the history of the human race. Indeed, Nature appears to have taken pains in many instances to compensate little men for their diminuitive stature with exceptional brain power and capacity. The annals of human achievement show that bigness of body does not always imply bigness of brain. Even in those departments of endeavor that call for physical prowess and courage, notably in discovery and in military achievement, the race has not always been to the men of large stature. The greatest military commander in history—Napoleon—was a little man. In literature, oratory, invention and art, the little men certainly vastly outnumber the big men who have attained distinction in these departments of activity. But these are matters of such common knowledge that no one undertakes to challenge them. It is in the departments of physical and historic study of man as an animal that the young men of Yale have a most inviting field for research in their efforts to trace natural causes for the very marked variation in his stature.

One agency of transportation which does not appear in the columns of statistics at its full value is the snow. For a considerable portion of each year, in the central and northern parts of this country, and particularly in the Mississippi valley and the regions east, the earth's covering of snow solves "the good roads problem." Sleighs themselves make a Roman highway wherever they travel. The friction of their runners on the glassy surface is so slight that the heaviest loads, once started, can be easily drawn. The difference in the matters of speed and the exertion required between skating and walking is a familiar fact. This use of the snow, wherever it regularly covers the ground, is of large value. Lumbermen wait for snow before getting out their logs, because sleds can be used to advantage at places in the forests where no wagon could go. Farmers save their heavy winter hauling for the sleighing. In some places a chain of lakes, when the frost seals their surfaces, will afford an avenue of transportation of surpassing attractiveness. Over still water the northern winter is a universal bridge builder, cutting off miles in many a journey. It is notable that although the horse and the ox are adjusted to wheel or runner, according to circumstances, certain modern methods of land transportation require the wheel. The locomotive, the automobile, the electric car and the bicycle do not know what "hard sledding" is. Their hardest wheeling comes when nature is laying down the material for some good sledding. In the old "horse car" days it was not unknown for the lines in the smaller inland cities to attach their power to great double-runner sleighs, for the conveyance of passengers, during the season, rather than attempt to keep their tracks open. Electricity has put an end to this practice. And yet what monarch of the modern world would not exchange the most sumptuous of palace cars for the much pictured sledge of Peter the Great, were he to consider only enjoyment in an exhilarating winter ride?

WOMAN OF FORTY IS A POWER.

At That Mature Age She Should Be the Happiest of Human Beings.

The object in a woman's career should be to be beautiful till she is 40; after that she should become a power, is the way a Frenchman sees the question. Another Frenchman said that after 40 a woman should either take the veil or be abolished. Miss Achurch, an actress, lecturing on the subject, inclined to the former view. She said: "The woman who has passed the confines of youth has come to be regarded as of much greater importance than she was twenty years ago. This change can be seen in words and in life. From the period of Fielding to that of Thackeray the girl of 17 was always the center of attraction and she always disappeared after her wedding day. After Thackeray came the long inning of the woman of 30."

The woman of 40 ought to be the happiest of women. She has peculiar privileges possessed by no other woman. She is not troubled like her younger sisters at the crossing of the borderland of youth, for she is already on the other side. Her future is more clearly defined, for at 40 has she not chosen and settled down in her career?

A professional woman is at her best at 40. She can act better, paint better, write better, not only because her powers are more matured, but also because she will not be interrupted by love affairs. The age of 40 should be looked forward to as an inheritance rather than be dreaded by every woman.

Looking for It Cheap.

Dentist—"Now, do you want to take gas?"

Countryman—"Wal, I guess as how gasoline would be cheaper."

When a man gets into trouble, how all the men rejoice! This is civilization; the savages used to help each other in time of need.

INDUSTRIAL GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Manufacturers' Record has gathered together some figures that briefly tell the amazing story of America's industrial growth in the last twenty-two years. In 1880 the total capital invested in manufactures was $2,790,000,000, and the value of the output was $5,369,000,000. Now the capital invested in manufactures is over $10,000,000,000, and the value of the output over $15,000,000,000. Then we mined 42,000,000 tons of bituminous coal and made 3,000,000 tons of pig iron; now we mine 250,000,000 tons of bituminous coal and make 17,500,000 tons of pig iron. Then we had 87,800 miles of railway, now we have more than 200,000. Then we had 50,000,000 inhabitants; now we have nearly 80,000,0000 people and are increasing at the rate of between 18,000,000 and 20,000,000 the decade.

"The momentum of development is such as the world never saw. The next ten years must easily show a greater growth than the last twenty, for we now have at home 30,000,000 more people to work and consume than we had in 1880, and by 1912 we will have nearly 50,000,000 more—almost the same as our total population in 1880, and then our manufacturers had but a limited foreign market; now we are pushing out for the world's trade and shall capture it just as rapidly as we can push our production beyond our consumptive requirements."

The total freight tons carried one mile by the railways in 1895 was 85,000,000; in 1901 it was 147,000,000, and for 1902 about 160,000,000.

Hitherto industrial development has been chiefly in the North and West. The immense natural resources of the South await the energy and enterprise of the future. The star of industrial empire now takes its way southward. West Virginia and Southwest Virginia are the centers of the greatest coal activity in America, yet West Virginia has only scratched a few hillsides of its coal deposits. Great Britain has only 8,000 square miles of coal area, but mines nearly 300,000,000 tons a year. West Virginia has 16,000 square miles and only mines 25,000,000 tons.

"The time will come," says the Manufacturers' Record, "when West Virginia will mine as much as Great Britain. Then comes North Carolina, a State larger than Pennsylvania, probably all around the most wonderfully endowed State in the Union—a State whose mineral and industrial potentialities are simply without limit. And then South Carolina, next to Massachusetts the leading cotton manufacturing State of the Union, and Georgia, the Empire State, and Alabama, as to the basis steel center of the world. Like West Virginia, it has scarcely scratched the ground. It has just started its real business career. And then Tennessee and Mississippi."

The fuel oil of Beaumont, the isthmian canal, the completion of the occupation of the West, will undoubtedly send South during the coming years a great stream of population and money to take advantages of the immense idle resources of that part of the Union. The industrial era is just dawning in the South. If trade relatins with Canada are not improved the bulk of the surplus capital and population of the North will go south to the Southern States, and beyond them to the whole South American continent, Mexico and Central America.

GOOD LUCK.

It Has Always Strangely Followen Possession of a Four-Leaf Clover.

Some people look all their lives for a four-leaved clover, quatre foil, without success, while others think nothing of picking them up. Same with everything else flotsam and jetsam. Thoreau was noted for his luck or skill in finding relics of the aborigines. He could pick up an arrow head at almost any time. He must have had an eye of a chicken. It is said that walking with Emerson one day, the subject came up and the latter philosopher lamented his inability to find one of these relics of the stone age. Yet he had looked for them often where they were known to abound. Thoreau replied that it was easy enough, and picked one up at their very feet. Four-leaved clovers are rare to most mortals. Those of the five-leaved variety are not often discovered. Back in '86 a jockey on one of the local running tracks, Abner Camp, who had been put on the ground for a week for disobedience at the post, went botanizing through the infield, looking for a quatre foil. He found a perfect quinte feuille, a five-leaved clover. This was mounted and given to Jockey James McLaughlin, to be worn by him while riding Miss Woodford in the big Eclipse stakes at St. Louis, for which this great mare was starting and in which she was expected to meet her old enemy and conqueror, Freeland. Of course that gave her luck, doubly so, for she won without having to measure strides with Mr. Corrigan's racing machine. A few days since an Italian was arrested while in the act of pawning a jeweled four-leaved clover of large value.

He claimed to have found it, and the police have been trying to discover the owner. When Gen. Hancock received the Democratic nomination for the presidency in 1880 he directed the formation of a committee of old Union generals and the organization of the veteran Democratic ex-volunteers throughout the North. This was effected. It was thought best to have a soldiers' campaign badge. Gen. James McQuade, of the committee, suggested the trefolium, the military insignia of Hancock's old army corps. This was vetoed by Gen. Hancock as seemingly invidious. He suggested as a substitute a four-leaved clover. "There's luck in that, you know," said he. The idea was adopted, and vast numbers of them were made. The design was drawn by the daughter of a Catholic bookseller in Barclay street, this gentleman belonging to the committee and being a veteran of Hancock's old command. For her services the young woman was complimented with a badge made expressly for her, and of considerable value, though not to the extent of the jewel alleged to have been found by the Italian. But there were many veteran followers of Hancock in the field and in the political campaign who had constructed their own decoration jeweled quatre foils of value, and the one in the hands of the police may possibly be one of them.—Brooklyn Eagle.

WEAPONS USED BY CHINESE.

Industrial Appliances Still Constitute Means of Defense.

The prominent part played by China in the world's affairs during the past seven years has aroused the interest of collectors, who have brought to this country many specimens of wares and goods peculiar to that part of the far east.

None among these are of greater historical value than the weapons which are in use in all provinces of the empire, writes a contributor to the New York Post, even in the districts where imperial armies are equipped with European firearms. One of the best collections was shown in this city not long ago, and is now in the possession of the commercial museum at Philadelphia. Single specimens of value are to be found in the Chinese club room in Chinatown, and in many bric-a-brac stores scattered throughout the city.

A careful study of the weapons shows that most of them are naught but industrial appliances suddenly employed for purposes of offense. One spear is a pitchfork and another a trident similar to the eel spear employed by our fishermen. Another ghastly weapon when examined carefully proves to be a scythe blade fastened to the end of a strong pole. The halberds, or hatchets, ax heads, adzes and cleavers wired or tied with thongs to stout staves. Even the spears and lances show an agricultural or domestic rather than a military origin.

These weapons may be viewed as historical souvenirs which are preserved as testimonials of the bravery of the Manchu conquerors. The Tartars take great pride in their conquest of the middle kingdom. Before they came from the north they were savages in comparison with the civilized Chinese. They preserve this fact in their laws and customs. The cuff of every official's coat is made in the form of a horse's hoof, to indicate that the Manchurian armies were cavalry, not infantry. The official footwear is a cavalry boot, which, though made of satin with kid-covered soles, is in cut and general appearance the same as the heavy leather articles worn by their ancestral troopers 300 years ago. When they conquered China they experienced the strongest resistance from the farmers and fishermen, who armed themselves with whatever came to hand and attacked the invaders with fierce intrepidity.

In honor of these victories they retained the primitive weapons of their captives and used them as trophies of their battles. Each Manchu officer employed a lot of Chinese captives and armed them with their own spears, tridents and axes as the case might be. The practice has been kept up ever since. When a mandarin goes calling he has one or more guards in his retinue who are armed with these simple contrivances. So far has the idea been pushed that in nearly all the temples there are weapons which belong to the god of the temple, and these are usually of the same agricultural character as those employed by the guards of civil and military officials.

Continuous Performance.

"Gracious, look at the speed of that automobile ambulance. I should think it would be dangerous."

"It is rather. You see, they are hurrying to arrive and pick up the victims run down by another automobile ambulance that passed along here a few minutes ago."

"See, they've run down several people on their own hook, but they don't stop."

"No; another auto ambulance will be along soon to care for them, and after it's all over an ordinary horse vehicle will have to come trotting along and take care of all the victims of the three ambulances."—Baltimore Herald.

Testimonial Writers.

"Do you subscribe to the theory that people's characters are made by what they eat?"

"No," answered the scientist; "but judging from the advertisements I should say that in many cases their reptuations are made by the medicines they take."—Washington Star.

American and English Bidders.

When the harbor authorities of Calcutta advertised for bids on locomotives the lowest English bid was $7,349, with delivery in nine months. The lowest American bid was $5,998, delivered in six months.

He "Drew" Well.

"How does your son draw in his political campaign?" asked the stranger.

"Purty heavy," replied the old man. "He drawed on me yesterday for $100, and I'm expecting another draw by next mail!"—Atlanta Constitution.



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

The New Umbrella.

There, my dear; you'd better take my umbrella. But be very careful of it. If it got broken or soiled or anything I should be greatly vexed. It's a beautiful umbrella. I don't suppose even Aunt Molly, up in Philadelphia, has such a nice one. So be as careful as ever you can be."



THE DEPARTURE.

"Yes, mother."

"Well, well, I'm nearly sure that was a drop of rain, and here I am out in it with this lovely new umbrella. Dear, dear, I do hope it's not going to amount to much. Of course, it's very nice to have the umbrella along, but I almost wish I had not brought it. Yes, I do believe it's going to pour in a minute or two! How vexed dear mother will be!"

"Now, let me think! However shall I manage to keep the umbrella dry? This is the only way that I can see. I'll just wrap it up in my cloak; and isn't it a fortunate thing that I brought my cloak along with me! I believe I can reach home without getting a drop on the umbrella after all if I hurry and cover it up before it rains hard."



THE RETURN.

"Oh, mother, I'm wet through and through! My hat, and my pinafore and everything! The water's trickling down my back in streams, and has almost soaked through my ears. But I do believe the umbrella is all right. Oh it was such hard work to keep it from getting wet. And wouldn't it have been a pity to spoil such a bran new umbrella!"

How It Cleared Off.

Such a time! And to think it all "came out of a clear sky!" as Aunt Esther would say. A minute before Meg and Kathie had been cozily chattering, with their arms round each other. Then came the thundershower that bade fair to settle down into steady raining.

Aunt Esther happened to be in the other room, and this is what she heard. Meg began:

"It's in Webster's Under-the-bridge."

"Webster's On-the-bridge, you mean," Kathie interposed, briskly.

"Under-the-bridge."

"On-the-bridge."

"Kath-rine Trundy, I guess I know! My father's a minister!"

"Meg'ret Merriweather, my father's a bridgemaker, an' I guess I know, so there!"

This was too much for Meg for a minute, but she recovered presently.

"I don't care, it's Webster's Under-the-bridge. My brother's in college, and I guess he knows!"

"Poh! If I had a brother I guess he'd know enough to know it's Webster On-the-bridge!"

"'Tisn't!"

"'Tis, too!"

"Kath'rine Trundy, I don't s'pose my mother'd want me to play with such a nignoramus! Here's your coral ring."

"Here's yours."

The exchange was made stiffly. Both little girls held their heads very high and looked dignifiedly hostile. The little red spots in their round cheeks flickered. Their bright eyes snapped.

"Wait!" Aunt Esther called, just as they were parting "forever."

She took them each by the hand and led them into the library, up to the dictionary-stand. Then she pointed to the big title-word.

"U-n-a-b-r-i-d-g-e-d," she spelled, distinctly and slowly.

"Oh, my!" breathed Meg, ruefully. "We didn't both of us know!"

"No, we didn't," Kathie admitted.

And when they went out again their arms were clasped, and the little coral rings had gone visiting again.—Youth's Companion.

The Rabbit a Coward.

Here is a little talk between a boy who is a great hunter for his age and a woman of his acquaintance, which shows that cowardice sometimes depends on the way things are looked at:

"A rabbit," said the young hunter, "is the most awful coward that there is in the world. My, how he does run from a hunter!"

"So you think that the rabbit is a coward?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, let us 'suppose a little.' 'Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall."

"Well.'

"And had good, strong, swift legs."

"Yes."

"And didn't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?"

"What should I do? I would streak it like lightning."

"I think you would, and I think, too, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward."—New York Recorder.

Interested In the Lounge's Anatomy.

Five-year-old Georgie had been taking a lively interest in school studies, especially in Physiology and Anatomy. We were studying an unfortunate porcupine which had been caught in an apple tree and we had made good illustrations of certain bones, when one day the girls took an old lounge apart. Having watched the operation for some time, he came running to me, his eyes on fire with excitement, his cheeks flushed and his locks flying behind him:

"Come, come," he cried, "if you want to study Phiserology, now's your change. The girls have got the lounge all to pieces."—Little Chronicle.

Sore Points.

The pencil heaved a weary sigh,
And murmured to the pen:
"I haven't felt so out of sorts
Since—oh, I don't know when!

"The penknife treats me very ill,
It cuts me in the street,
And really is extremely sharp
Whene'er we chance to meet.

"And when I broke the other day
Beneath its bitter stroke,
It said it didn't see the point;
Neither did I the joke!

"With many troubles I'm depressed,
My heart just feels like lead."
The pen mopped up an inky tear:
"I weep for you," it said.
—Cassell's Little Folks.

It Couldn't Be.

The other morning, little Howard got up unusually cross. Roy tried to play with him, but at last he became impatient, and said:

"I guess you got up on the wrong side of the bed."

Little Howard promptly replied:

"No, 'Oy. I dot up on Mamma's side."

Modern Conveniences.

One day my little three-year-old brother was visiting at our neighbor's. He came home very excited and said:

"Mamma, you ought to have a pump like they have at Camery's, you turn it like a gasoline stove and water comes out like a washing machine."

Recuperating.

One day little four-year-old Cora was trying to stand on her head. Her mother asked her what she was doing. She answered:

"I's standing on my head to rest my feet."—Little Chronicle.

Learning by Degrees.

Little Charlie being asked by his teacher the subject of his Geography lesson, answered promptly:

"Longitude and Shortitude."

FRUIT INSTEAD OF DRUGS.

Druggists Would Starve if People Would Eat More Apples.

Many of our common fruits are just as useful and much nicer than doctors' prescriptions. The apple, for instance. Not only is the apple an excellent purifier of the blood, but it is a cure for dysentery, and has also the peculiar effect of restoring an intoxicated person to sobriety. A diet of stewed apples, eaten three times a day, has worked wonders in cases of confirmed drunkenness, giving the patient an absolute distaste for alcohol in any form.

The pineapple is another fruit most valuable in throat affections. Indeed, it has saved many a life of a diphtheritic patient. The juice squeezed from a ripe pineapple is the finest thing in the world for cutting the fungus-like membrane which coats the throat in diphtheria, and if used in time never fails to cure.

After a severe attack of influenza the throat is often relaxed and the tonsils painful. An old-fashioned remedy still in use in many parts of the west of England is a conserve of roses. This is a sort of jam made from the hips of the common wild rose. It is not unpleasant in taste and certainly possesses strong astringent properties.

To eat a grape a minute for an hour at a time, and to repeat this performance three or four times a day, eating very little else meantime but dry bread, may seem a monotonous way of spending the time. This treatment works wonders for people whose digestions have got out of order from worry or overwork. It is no mere quack prescription, but a form of cure recognized and advised by many well-known physicians. Grapes are, perhaps, the most digestible of any fruit in existence.

A cordial made from blackberries is greatly recommended by the Devonshire country folk as a cure for colic, and many a farmer's wife makes blackberry cordial as regularly as elderberry wine. The latter, heated and mixed with a little cinnamon, is one of the best preventives known against a chill. The flowers, too, of the elder come in useful. An ointment made by layering them in mutton suet and olive oil is most soothing in case of boils. Nowadays doctors forbid gouty patients to eat any kind of sweet foods, but recommend them to eat at least a dozen walnuts a day. There is no doubt that walnuts are most useful to gouty subjects, or in cases of chronic rheumatism. Swelling goes down and pain decreases.

Her Palmy Days.

Patience—When I was young I had at least 50 offers for my hand.

Patrice—Those are what you might call your palmy days, I suppose.

No one is able to discover that a rich man is a fool until after he loses his money.

WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?

She was ready to sleep as she lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine.
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
And "Three Men Who Put Out to Sea,"
When she sleepily said, as she closed her blue eyes:
"Papa, what would you take for me?"

And I answered, "A dollar, dear little heart,"
And she slept, baby weary with play,
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away.
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and the sky,
The lowest depths of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

All the cities, with streets and palaces,
With their people and stores of art,
I would not take for one low soft throb
Of my little one's loving heart;
Nor of all the gold that was ever found,
In the busy wealth finding past,
Would stake for one smile of my darling's face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
And I felt such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed more to me,
Than they ever before had meant.
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too gladsome to be,
And I waken'd with lips saying close in my ear,
"Papa, what would you take for me?"
—Eugene Field.

Jonas' Birthday Present

CERTAINLY, Jonas must have a birthday present! Now the question is, what shall it be?" said black-eyed May Gardner in a determined manner. "Just think! He'll be 35 years old, and has never had one, except when he was a little boy, almost too young to remember!" she added, sympathetically.

"Did he say that?" asked Jennie Deering, with a curious blush.

"Yes, he told Uncle John so," said May quickly, "and when uncle repeated it to me I just decided that he should have a present this year, sure."

"Let's send him something that is useful! An old bachelor needs so many things that he would never think of buying himself. We could send him a



"I WANT YOU, OR NOBODY."

clock," said Jennie, but again May frowned upon the suggestion.

"No, indeed! That won't do. Jonas has no end of clocks and needs no more. Let's give him something that he would never dream of getting for himself."

"Oh, girls!" broke in Sallie Green, with a ringing laugh. "I've thought of the very thing! Let's give Jonas a wife for his birthday present! He has everything else that he needs, and you know he is altogether too timid to even secure a wife without some assistance!"

"Won't he resent it?" asked the girls, timidly, but May checked them imperiously.

"Certainly not, if she is the right one. What man would? The only thing is to see that she is in every way worthy of him, for Jonas is really a splendid fellow, even if he is bashful. Jonas shall have a wife for his birthday, that much is settled! Now, who shall she be, and how will we present her?"

The three girls sat for a moment in silence; then suddenly May was struck with a bright idea. The other girls stared at her in breathless amazement when she told them what it was.

"Why, May Gardner, you must be crazy!" they cried simultaneously.

"Not a bit of it!" said May, stoutly. "Now, see here, girls, be sensible. Here we are, getting older and older every day, and not a man in the village that is marriageable except Jonas. Now, we all like him, you know we do; but if we wait for him to propose we'll all die old maids, and that would be awful. All Jonas needs is a little encouragement, and no one will ever know that we used our influence for each other!"

And, finally, her reasoning prevailed, possibly by the aid of a tender sentiment existing toward Jonas in the hearts of both the blushing maidens.

"I say, Jonas, you'd oughter be thinkin' of marryin'," said Uncle John Gardner shortly after the important agreement between the three young ladies.

"I s'pose so," said Jonas absently, with a little blush.

"'Pears to me you'd better be lookin' around," continued the old farmer, as indifferently as possible. "Your thirty-fifth birthday is comin' and you've be'n half your life without a wife. Must be sort o' desolate fer ye, I'm thinkin'."

"That's so," said Jonas, a little mournfully. "There ain't so much fun a-settin' alone o' evenin's, but I'm used to it," he added, despondently.

"Pshaw! There ain't no sech thing as gittin' used tew it! It ain't nat'ral!" said Uncle John, stoutly.

"What'll I do?" asked Jonas, sheepishly.

"Ask one of these pretty girls around here to marry you—sort of a birthday present to yourself, don't you know." The old man chuckled as he glanced slyly at Jonas.

"They wouldn't have me," said Jonas, with a decided shake of his head.

"There's three of them that would," began the old farmer, but he checked himself abruptly. He had come very near betraying his pretty niece's secret. "Just you ask 'em," he finished abruptly, but with an encouraging smile.

"Which one'll I ask?" queried Jonas.

"Ask 'em all," said the old farmer, with a roar of laughter. He had evidently thought of something that was exceedingly funny.

"John Gardner, be you out of your head?" said Jonas, half angrily.

But the farmer's words burned in his brain long after he had parted with his friend and neighbor.

And that evening he put on his best suit and went over to call on Jennie Deering.

An hour before midnight they were sitting alone in the kitchen, for the old folks had gone to bed in a most accommodating manner.

"Did you know my birthday was next week, Jennie?" said Jonas, suddenly. He was sitting as near her as he dared when he asked the question.

Suddenly, Jennie giggled in a most unaccountable way.

"Do you want a birthday present, Jonas?" she asked, with a fit of laughter that bordered on hysterics.

Jonas looked at her with some surprise, but when he answered her he was in desperate earnest.

"I want a wife!" he said boldly, and then blushed as red as a poppy.

"That's what I mean," said Jennie, still hovering on hysterics. "Do you want a wife for a birthday present?"

Jonas caught his breath and looked at her sharply. Had she turned mind reader, or was it simply a chance question?

But Jennie was desperately in earnest, as well as Jonas. She had to fulfill her part toward securing the combination wife and present.

"May Gardner or Sallie Green would marry you, I am sure. They are both nice girls, and you're bound to like them." She blurted out the words in the most astonishing way, and then finished by bursting into a fit of crying.

"But I don't want Sallie Green or May Gardner! I want you, or nobody, for my wife," Jonas said bravely.

The sight of her tears had made him bold, and he was holding her hands now in the tenderest fashion.

And before 12 o'clock she was his promised wife, and when he left her there was only one cloud upon her happiness. "The girls will be awfully mad," she said over and over, "but, anyhow, I have kept my promise—I am going to give Jonas a wife for his birth day."—New York Daily News.

His Conglomeratipredicament.

"Well, zish," said Mr. Ryefuddle, partially steadying himself by clawing on to the door-frame and gazing at the wife of his bosom with fishy and focusless eyes, "is the (hic) first time I ever saw a liv(hic)ing puzzle-picture. Now, which of the two is (hic) which and which is not (hic) which? In osher words, which of 'em is (hic) and which of her ain't one of (hic) 'em? On the ozher hand, which one of the two zhat I see is the (hic) one I don't see, and which is the (hic) one I see but don't think I do? I pause for a (hic) reply."

N. B.—He got it.—Judge.

SOLUTION OF THE LAND QUESTION OF IRELAND.



MAP OF IRELAND, SHOWING THE CONGESTED DISTRICTS.

WALTER WELLMAN, of the Chicago Record-Herald, is assured by Sir Anthony MacDonnell, the new Under Secretary for Ireland, that the whole land question will be settled soon, on terms not only satisfactory to the Irish people and to the landlords, but in a manner which will greatly strengthen the British empire. In brief, the plan is the wholesale turning over of the soil of Ireland to the people of Ireland. Twenty-five years ago a settlement might possibly have been made on the lines followed in India, where the land rents were fixed upon the basis of the price of produce in the actual market. This plan has worked well in India, but it is too late to adopt that method in Ireland. It will not satisfy the aspirations of the people for actual ownership of the soil. So another plan must be devised, a plan which involves the actual removal of landlordism. There will be no confiscation of property, no compulsory sale except under conditions which may make it necessary for the good of the state.

The vital point, of course, is the price. Naturally the landlords desire to secure as high prices as they can, while the tenants are equally anxious to buy as cheaply as possible. Between these two stands the Government, which is deeply concerned in devising a practical plan and one which will involve as little cost as possible to the imperial treasury. Probably a new valuation of the land will be made.

It is estimated that this project will cost the imperial government at the outset £150,000,000 sterling; this is $750,000,000—a large sum of money, but not too much to buy peace and order and prosperity in Ireland.

In many instances the price will probably equal the rent covering a period of fifteen to twenty or twenty-five years. Where the purchaser and the landlord cannot agree the government must aid in reaching a settlement. It may buy out entire estates and then sell back to the landlord his homesteads and castles, preserving much of the outlying land for the people.

The scheme contemplates the thinning out of congested districts where families are crowded together on small tracts of land incapable of giving decent support to the number of people dwelling thereon. The sale of the estates will bring into use large areas, now given up to parks and hunting preserves, and in many instances wide stretches of pasture land, which have been too sparsely stocked with cattle, will be turned into productive farms and homes for the people.

The landlords, it appears, in most instances, are ready to submit to this scheme. Under existing land laws, where rents may now be determined in the courts, the exorbitant rents heretofore exacted cannot always be secured and land holding is losing its attractions.

It is less fascinating, also, for another reason. In 1896 parliament gave the people of Ireland the right to elect their own county councils. Heretofore the landlords held the local offices without dispute, but under the act of '96 the honors passed in many cases from the lord, by the suffrage of the people, to the former tenant. Ousted from local places of dignity and honor, and subjected to the official jurisdiction of his social inferiors, the landlord finds residence and land holding in Ireland less attractive than heretofore.

Where the unwillingness of the landlord to sell his lands to the people creates a condition unfavorable to public order and the general welfare it is proposed that the state exercise its right of eminent domain, fix a price upon his property, buy it from him and sell it again to purchasers from among the people.

A LAKE FILLED WITH DEAD.

Driven by Flames, Beasts Take Refuge in the Water.

L. E. Duval, timber cruiser for the land department of the Northern Pacific Railroad, who has just returned from a trip through Clarke County, Washington, tells of a lake completely filled with dead wild animals hemmed in by the recent forest fires and smothered to death in the water. Said he:

"In township 6 north, range 4 east, is a lake I have often visited before. It is about one acre in extent On this occasion I suppose I was the first to visit it since the fire, though there have been many there since I spread the report, all of whom can corroborate what I say. Long before I reached the lake I was greeted by a smell so nauseating that after satisfying my curiosity I went away and was sick for hours.

"I found the surface of the lake one mass of deer, foxes, bears and wolves and all the varieties of small animals that roam our woods. The lake is in a deep hollow between the hills and the fire had encircled it at a great distance in the first place, crowding towards the lake by degrees, and at last driving every living animal of the woods into the water to be either drowned or smothered.

"The water was completely covered for the whole acre with rotting carcasses, and how many deep they were I had no means of knowing; I was not equal to stirring them up even could I have secured a stick to do it with. From the remains of other animals in the woods nearby I surmise that some tried to escape through the circle of death. I have heard that in such supreme moments the fiercest animals forget their ferocity. Something like that must have occurred here, for bears and deer, minks and squirrels were mingled in the pestiferous mass indiscriminately.

"Probably the only struggle at all was for lodgment on the backs of the already dead. The hides were beginning to fall off the bodies of the animals, leaving an unsightly mass as displeasing to the eyes as to the nostrils. Several of the people who went to visit the lake afterwards were forced to turn back by the stench."

Duval has included his story in his report made at headquarters and reports townships 4 and 5 as also completely cleaned out by the forest holocaust which killed the wild animals in such quantity.

MRS. JOHN MITCHELL.

Devoted Wife of the Leader of the Anthracite Coal Strike.

While John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers' Union, has had his share of publicity during the past year, little has been said of his wife, who during all the months of her husband's struggle presided over his home in Spring Valley, Ill., hoping and praying for his safe return from the tumultuous scenes of the strike in Pennsylvania.



MRS. J. MITCHELL.

Mrs. Mitchell is known to and respected by every man, woman and child in Spring Valley. She lives in an unpretentious little home that is a model of neatness and spends the most of her time in the personal supervision of her children. She is an ideal wife and mother, who finds her duties at home and who performs them. Of sympathetic nature and deeply devoted to her husband, she aided him by her encouragement and womanly tenderness in the work of self-improvement, for John Mitchel lis a self-educated man, all of his serious reading having been done since at the age of 13 he entered the coal industry as a breaker boy. The good priest in Spring Valley, who united them in marriage and who has aided in directing Mr. Mitchell's studies, pronounces the union of this happy couple an ideal one. Mrs. Mitchell is the daughter of a miner and was born in Catlin, near Danville, Ill.

Fixed Dates.

Routine is exceedingly strong in Russia. There is a day in June upon which, says tradition, it becomes safe to bathe in the rivers, after the winter freeze. No matter how warm the water may be earlier, no matter how cold it may be on that day, then is the time to take the first swim. Other fixed dates are mentioned in "Ivan at Home," by Herbert Barry. Of course the statements do not apply to all Russians, but to the average peasant only.

No man dare touch an apple before the sixth of August, however ripe the fruit may really be before that day. He does not believe it is fit to eat.

The village sportsman, although he may have observed the blackcocks fighting among themselves unusually early, owing to the warmth of the spring, cannot make up his mind to shoot them until the appointed day has arrived.

No traveler will start on a journey on either a Monday or a Friday.

Although the delay is strongly against his own interests, the fisherman will not cast his nets before a certain day, whether the season be late or early.

No lamb is supposed to be able to reach the age of mutton should it have been born before the day named in the peasant's calendar. And so on through all the common events in their daily life does this attachment to fixed dates hedge in a Russian's existence.

Died Happy.

Wigg—At any rate, poor old Harduppe died happy.

Wagg—Yes; he had lived on tick so long that he was just tickled to death.—Philadelphia Press.

DOINGS OF WOMEN

Widow of Benjamin Harrison.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, widow of the late Benjamin Harrison, is a woman of great personal charm. She was, before her marriage to the renowned Indianian, Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick, a niece of her husband's first wife.

She was married to the famous statesman in April, 1896, and was left a considerable competence upon the death of her husband. One child, a daughter, Elizabeth, was born to the distinguished couple. Mrs. Harrison's first husband lived but three months after their marriage, and after his death, which left her inconsolable, she lived in retirement for several years with her mother in Indianapolis.

Early in 1888, at the request of her



MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

mother, the late Mrs. Harrison took the young widow into the Harrison home at Indianapolis, after which time the bright young woman commanded almost as much attention as the man she afterward wedded. While General Harrison was in the White House Mrs. Dimmick was a very popular member of his family and made a great many friends.

By the terms of the ex-President's will his widow received $15,000 in cash, the summer home in the Adirondacks, the use of the home during her life and the interest on $125,000 during the period of her life. After her death the last two bequests revert to the residuary estate.

A Little Woman.

A little bit of a woman came
Athwart my path one day;
So tiny was she that she seemed to be
A pixy strayed from the misty sea,
Or a wandering greenwood fay.

"Oh, you little elf!" I cried—
"And what are you doing here?
So tiny as you will never do
For the brutal rush and hullabaloo
Of this practical world, I fear."

"Voice have I, good sir," she said—
"'Tis soft as an angel's sigh,
But to fancy a word of yours were heard
In all the din of this world's absurd,"
Smiling, I made reply.

"Hands have I, good sir," she quoth—
"Marry! and that you have!
But amid the strife and the tumult rife
In all the struggle and battle for life,
What can these wee hands do?"

"Eyes have I, good sir," she said—
"Sooth you have," quoth I,
"And tears shall flow therefrom, I trow,
And they betimes shall dim with woe,
As the hard, hard years go by."

That little bit of a woman cast
Her two eyes full on me;
And they smote me sore to my inmost core,
And they held me slaved forevermore,
Yet would I not be free.

This little bit of a woman's hands
Reached up into my breast
And rent apart my scoffing heart—
As cannot be expressed.

The little bit of a woman's voice
Has grown most wondrous dear.
Above the blare of all elsewhere
(As inspiration that mocks at care)
It riseth full and clear.

Dear one, I bless the subtle power
That makes me wholly thine;
And I'm proud to say that I bless the day
When a little woman wrought her way
Into this heart of mine.

Talks to Spinsters.

Modern progress has done away with the only day in the year which brought every man we knew to our door, and has given us instead the afternoon tea where we get only women. And yet there are people who still cry aloud for progress.

But loneliness of whatever sort is not confined to the unloved of this world. I have often known very happy people to moan about being lonely, but their loneliness came from the selfishness of not knowing what to do with happiness when it lay within their grasp. A happily married woman who complains about being lonely, about her husband's business absorbing too much time, or for any reason, might just as well proclaim her selfishness in so many plain words, and have done with her self-deception and her unconscious attempt to deceive her friends. For a woman who sits down at home hugging a small happiness to her soul will never attain to a greater. The only cure for loneliness that I can recommend as efficacious is to get outside yourself and do something for somebody. There is where many women lose half of the delight of a happy marriage. They receive and receive and never give. In human nature it is the same as in garden nature. If you leave flowers on the plants they will soon cease to bloom. If you don't pick sweet peas every day they will not last the month out. So if you don't give out of your small happiness to others, it will soon wither and cease to sweeten your own life. Here is where the wife has such an advantage over the spinster, for it is so much easier to have some one always at hand to strive to please and bring happiness to, than to be obliged to cast about in your mind for a suitable and convenient person to benefit with affectionate and thoughtful service.—Lilian Bell in Harper's Bazar.

How Not to Worry.

In the Philadelphia Inquirer a clever writer says: I once asked a physician what cure he could suggest for the worrying habit. "I would prescribe common sense," he said, "and if a man or woman hasn't got a stock on hand and cannot cultivate one, the medical man is powerless." This worrying nonsense grows. The best means to cure it lies in the hands of the woman herself.

If she will just call a little horse sense to her aid, resolve not to borrow trouble, to be cheerful and think upon the right side of things, she will live longer and be able to retain her beauty. Every woman has the strongest desire to keep her good looks. Why, then, does she take the course which is sure to make her yellow-skinned, dull-eyed and thoroughly unlovely?

The English woman is greatly admired for her utter refusal to worry or to be worried. Consequently she looks young at 50. Undertaking no more than she can comfortably carry out, and firmly believing in the coming of another day, would make our girls healthier and happier.

Therefore resolutely build a wall about to-day and live within the inclosure. The past may have been hard, sad or wrong—it is over. The future may be like the past, but the woman who worries about it may not live to meet it—if she does she will bear it in the same old way.

The only thing with which she should concern herself is to-day, its sunshine, its air, its friends, its frolics, its wholesome work, and perhaps its necessary sorrow.

Never Look Cross.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." And, conversely, as a man appears to be, so will he think in his heart. In other words, if one is happy and cheerful and kind he will smile, he will speak cheeringly, he will do acts of kindness. On the other hand, and this is just as important to smile and to speak quietly and in a kindly tone, even if one feels unhappy or angry or discouraged at the moment, reacts on the man's inner being so that he begins to feel what he has simulated. This is a good thought, and it points to a plain duty. We should never allow ourselves to express outwardly by word or by look any unkind or unhappy thought or feeling. To do so is only to tend and foster that feeling, to make it grow and get final hold on the character. But by affecting the helpful virtues we will dwarf and finally pluck out altogether, the evil in our nature, and we become in character the good things we have caused to appear in our countenances and in our voices.—Woman's Home Companion.

Happy Women of India.

The Women's Press Club, of New York, gave a recent reception at which one of the most distinguished guests was Edmond Russell, artist and poet, recently returned from India. In the course of a speech Mr. Russell made the following remarkable statements:

"Don't pity the women of India. They don't need your pity, your money, your old clothes or your civilization. They are better educated than you are, and probably happier. There are no women's clubs in India, because the women are so highly civilized. They have no need for such kindergarten training."

To Mend Umbrellas.

Sometimes an umbrella that begins to show tiny cracks and pin holes may be mended at home. Open the umbrella and hold it up to the light. Mend the holes on the inside with black silk courtplaster cut slightly larger than the holes. Sun umbrellas and parasols are more effectively mended in this way than umbrellas, which sometimes require a repetition of the mending after being thoroughly wet.

A Boon to Housewives.

A broomless housewife has become a possibility. A Yankee has invented a machine which sweeps and dusts a room by suction from an air pump in the basement. All that is necessary is to pass a hose nozzle over the carpets and furniture. The suction through it carries the dust particles to the cellar, none of them being thrown into the air of the apartment.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 9th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, in advance	$1 50
Six Months, "	75
Three Months, "	40

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Co. Grand and Linden Avenues,
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1903.

If you want to be cured of poverty all you have to do is to go and hear Prof. Backus at Butchers' Hall to morrow afternoon.

The Times-Gazette is now the official paper of San Mateo County. The Democrat, after holding the post of official paper with the emoluments for ten years, was displaced on Monday last by the Board of Supervisors and the Times-Gazette designated for the county printing.

The Panama canal treaty was ratified by a nearly unanimous vote of the U. S. Senate on the 17th inst. At last the way is clear to beginning the work of construction on the great canal, and the pledge of the Republican party to construct a canal under the ownership and control of the United States Government across the isthmus has been made good.

The Legislature which has just adjourned may have failed to do all the things needed, but it can be said that it has avoided doing anything very bad. All in all, its work seems to give very general satisfaction. Our own county may well feel proud of its representatives. If the Dairy School bill fails it will not be the fault of either of our representatives, as it passed both houses. Mr. Brown, as the author of this bill, is entitled to especial credit. Our Assemblyman has made his mark in this Legislature. As the author of the resolution which brought on the prison investigation, and as the able advocate of prison reform, he made a record of which any man might well be proud.

Now that the District Attorney is engaged in preparing a County ordinance to regulate the fees for burial permits and disinterment permits, we take the liberty to renew our suggestion in favor of a hack ordinance that will stand the test and bring this county a revenue. The ordinance should be general in its terms and apply to all hackmen in this county as well as out of it, and thus avoid the objection of special legislation. There are very few persons engaged in the hack business who are residents of this county. There is an army of hackmen, residents of San Francisco, who daily are doing business in this county. They cut up our roads, crowd our highways and should pay something into the county treasury. Our District Attorney can certainly frame an ordinance that will be a good law and a good revenue producer.

VIRGIN REDWOODS.

God "planted a garden eastward in Eden." He also planted one westward in California. Eden may be a myth, but the Sempervirens ark in Santa Cruz, California, is a reality. Its area is three thousand eight hundred acres, and its ownership is vested in the state. It contains the finest virginal forest of redwood (sequoia sempervirens) accessible to travelers. It abounds in running streams, waterfalls, wild game and a profusion of native grasses, flowers, bushes and trees. It has as yet been but slightly molested by men, not even by exploration. If you come hither soon you may put yourself in touch with the silence that has reigned to all eternity. You may gaze upon waterfalls which have never had their pictures taken. You may associate with trees whose bulk has not varied visibly to the naked eye since Columbus set foot on San Salvador.—Arthur A. Taylor in Sunset Magazine for March.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC BLOCK SYSTEM.

On December 31, 1902, the Southern Pacific system had two hundred and forty-two and one half miles of road protected with block systems. An addition of fifty-nine miles is in contemplation for the present year. The longest stretch of track thus protected will be from Oakland to Truckee, on the main central overland route, which, with the completion of the work now in hand, will be continuously under the block system.—Sunset Magazine for March.

More Than Justice.

Mrs. Newriche—Now, here's my latest portrait in oils, and I must say I'm perfectly satisfied with it. I'm sure it does me justice. Don't you think so?

Mrs. Cuttinge—Yes, indeed; justice tempered with mercy!—Brooklyn Life.

Borem—I want to interest you in a financial scheme this morn—

Merchant—Not this morning. I haven't time.

Borem—Why, it won't take you a minute. All you have got to do is to lend me a dollar.—Philadelphia Press.

LAUGH IT AWAY.

Don't put on your far-off glasses hunting lions in the way,
Don't go probing 'round for troubles—just ignore them, day by day.
Don't go sighing: "Yes, 'tis pleasant just at present, but—ah me!
There's the sorrow of to-morrow—where will all our sunshine be?"
If the worst is in the future and has been there all the while,
We can keep it there by laughing till we make the others smile.

If the worst is in the future, let it stay there; for we know
That to-morrow's always threatening to bring us so-and-so;
But to-morrow with its sorrow never comes within our gaze,
For all time is just a pageant of these busy old to-days.
Let the worst stay in the future where it has been, all the while!
We can keep it there by laughing till the others start to smile.

When we look toward the sunset in the gorgeous afterglow,
Let us thank the blessed Father for the things we do not know;
Let us thank him with all fervency that he has never sent
Any burden quite unbearable; that, while our backs have bent
Underneath the load, we've had his arms about us all the while—
Let us laugh away our troubles till the whole world wears a smile!

Let us laugh away the trouble though our eyes are dimmed with tears;
Let us laugh away the heartaches and the worries and the fears;
Just "be good and you'll be happy"—if you're happy, you'll be good;
For the rule's so double-acting that it's seldom understood.
Oh, there is no future coming with a lot of trouble in—
We can fight it off by laughing till the others start to grin!
—Los Angeles Herald.

Polly's Carnation.

ARCHIBALD HACKETT, you know you ought not to go on as you are. Here you are puttering away in that miserable conservatory three days a week, and your profession is going to the dogs. You ought to be a rich man; people say you have ability enough, but I doubt it. You ought to think more of Polly and me and less of your cheap



SPENT ONLY TWO HOURS AMONG HIS FLOWERS.

pansies and mignonettes. It's a shame."

"Nancy," answered Archibald Hackett to his wife, "I don't put in three days a week in the greenhouse. I don't put in more than two hours a day, and my profession isn't going to the dogs. I make a comfortable living at it, and that's all I can do at the law, for I'm neither a Charles O'Conor nor a William Evarts. Let me putter away at my flowers. I love them, and it's a relaxation."

Mrs. Hackett's eyes snapped again, but she said nothing further. She never had been able in twenty-two years of married life to force an angry rejoinder from this husband of hers. To-day Mrs. Hackett was a little more upset than usual. Polly, her pretty daughter, had been invited to an extremely swell affair on Lake Vista boulevard, and Mrs. Hackett did not think that Polly could wear a gown that she had worn twice before, and as Mr. Hackett had said something about economy the wife and mother had become a bit wrathful.

Polly Hackett had overheard some of this parental dialogue, and now she appeared on the scene. "I can wear the muslin again just as well as not, papa," she said. "It looks dainty and fresh, and, like Mrs. Cratchit, I'll be 'brave in ribbons.'"

"But, Polly, the Bunkers are so terribly fashionable, and everybody there will have a gown on that costs a mint. I'm afraid Mrs. Bunker and Emily will think you look dowdy."

"Don't worry about the Bunkers, Mary," said Archibald, "nor you either, Polly. I suppose they are swell as things go, but I remember Jim Bunker when he owned a rendering establishment in the little eastern city in which I was born. There was more smell than swell to that, though it was an honest business, and Jim Bunker was an honest man. Perhaps I ought not say it, but, Polly, he'll be proud to have my father's grandchild in his house, though she comes in a gown worn a score of times. And now, my dears, I must get back to my flowers. By the way, Mary, it's carnations and not pansies and mignonettes that I'm puttering with now."

"Well," said the still unmollified Mrs. Hackett, "I wish it was a law case instead of a carnation. You'll never get anything out of your flowers but a blossom or two that will wither in a day." And Mrs. Hackett moved away with her head in the air.

It was the night of the Bunkers' reception. Polly Hackett, prettier than the proverbial picture in her muslin and "brave in ribbons," as she had said, was ready to go to the cab standing at the door of her father's little house on the side street. Archibald Hackett came into the room and saw his daughter under the soft light. "You don't need furbelows, my child," he said, kissing her. "There'll be no prettier nor sweeter girl there to-night despite the muslin. Wear this, my dear; you don't need diamonds." And he gave Polly a beautiful full petaled carnation, which showed a curious mingling of rich colors.

Polly fastened the glowing blossom in her dark hair, while her mother said: "Well, I suppose, Archibald, that's the sole result of the year's time you've been wasting over carnations. If you had spent the time in your office Polly might be wearing the diamonds that you say she doesn't need. The other girls have them, and those that Emily Bunker will wear to-night cost a fortune."

"Never mind the diamonds, mamma; I'd rather have daddy's carnation," and Polly Hackett kissed both parents lightly and disappeared through the front door and into the waiting cab.

* * *

The Bunkers' ball was over, and Polly was sleeping soundly in her bed the next morning. The bell rang, and Mrs. Tattler was ushered into the parlor. She had come to call on Mrs. Hackett. Mrs. Tattler had been bidden to the ball the night before, and now she had come as early as this to talk it over with Mrs. Hackett. "Oh, Mrs. Hackett," she began, "you don't know how lovely it was, and you don't know how perfectly sweet Polly was. And what do you think—I know all the other girls are just by the ears to-day. You see, Mrs. Bunker really gave this ball because that swell young Farrell of Baltimore is visiting John Bunker. Farrell is awfully handsome and awfully rich. He's one of the Farrells of Farrellton. You know all about them, of course. One of their ancestors signed the Constitution of the United States or something like that—I never do get history straight—and young Farrell didn't have eyes or ears for anyone the whole evening but for pretty Polly."

Mrs. Tattler lingered for some time and talked on, but finally the door closed behind her and Polly appeared just as her father came in to luncheon. "Well, Polly," he said, "did you have a nice time last night?"

"Splendid, daddy. Mr. Bunker was awfully nice to me. He told me he knew grandpa in the East, and he was always glad when he asked him round to the homestead. Mr. Bunker said grandpa was a gentleman of the old school."

"Mr. Bunker was good to you, Polly, was he?" asked Mrs. Hackett. "Was there—was there anyone named Farrell there?"

At this Polly blushed furiously. "Yes, there was a Mr. Farrell there from Baltimore," she said. "He was very polite to me."

"What did you do with your carnation, Pretty Polly?" asked her father.

Polly blushed more furiously than before. "Oh, papa; that was one of the funniest parts of it. Mr. Farrell was, I can't help saying it, very attentive to me. He danced with me and brought me refreshments. It was near the end of the ball, when he looked suddenly at the carnation in my hair and then asked me if he might have it. I thought that was a little forward from a person whom I had met only a few hourse before, and I must have looked it, too, for he said quickly: 'I meant nothing presumptious, Miss Hackett, but I want you to tell me where you got that carnation and I want to send it to my father.'

"I told Mr. Farrell that you grew it, papa, and gave it to me, but what he wants to send it to his father for I can't imagine. I don't suppose you'll care, papa, but he asked me also if



ASKED FOR THE FLOWER.

John Bunker might bring him here to call on me. John comes here often, you know, and I said yes," and Polly blushed again.

James Farrell did call with John Bunker, and then he came alone and many times, but the day finally came when he had to leave for his home in Baltimore.

"Why don't you go to your office, Archibald?" asked Mrs. Hackett, sharply, one morning. "Here you are puttering round among your flower pots again. Mrs. Hackett liked the word puttering. "No man with a hobby ever made a cent out of it. I believe you've spent $50 on that miserable carnation bed, and I need a new fur collar. You're wasting your time, interfering with our happiness and throwing away your money."

"Oh, I don't know, my dear," replied Mrs. Hackett, mildly, "look at this," and he handed his wife a letter. She opened it. It ran like this:

"Mr. Archibald Hackett. My Dear Sir—My son, James Farrell, sent me some time ago a carnation blossom. It is the most wonderful I have ever seen. It is such a flower as I have been trying in vain for years to produce. You may know, possibly, that I am an enthusiast on the subject of carnations. This particular flower has a great market value aside from all other considerations. If you have succeeded in making permanently productive the plants from which this carnation was plucked, I will pay you $40,000 for your stock, if I may have absolute control. Yours sincerely,

"HENRY FARRELL."

Mrs. Hackett nearly fainted. "You'll take it, Archibald," she said.

"Of course," replied her husband. "It's a legitimate business transaction, but I have also a letter from this millionaire's son, who asks me for the prettiest flower I have, and he doesn't offer to pay a cent for it."

"What flower is that?" asked Mrs. Hackett. "These millionaires always want something for nothing."

"It's pretty Polly," said Archibald, "and from the way Polly looked when I showed her this second letter, I think she is willing I should give here away."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

CROCODILES IN AMERICA.

Old World Reptile Lives with Florida Alligators.

While cruising on the west coast of Florida, word reached us that the fabled Florida crocodile had become a reality. The news was brought by a guide, who, years before, had told us of "alligators that were not alligators," which lived near the Everglades. With him at the helm, for three days we threaded narrow channels and sailed over broad bays, oftentimes with less than six inches of water under our keel. Then, late one afternoon, our hearts were gladdened, for we saw—a crocodile!

He was swimming rapidly beneath the surface of the water. Quickly launching a skiff, we poled in pursuit, following him by the roiled water in his wake. After nearly an hour of exhausting maneuvering we got one chance with a harpoon. Fortune favored me this time, and I first struck our largest crocodile. To my chagrin, however, the harpoon came back, the point broken. With a boat at each end of the short creek where we found him, we drove him back and forth, and struck him seventeen times before we got two harpoons fast in him, and dared to put enough strain on the lines to pull him ashore. My boat was the nearest as he came slowly into the shoal water. As he got opposite the bow, where I was standing, his huge jaws opened, the side of my boat was enfolded, and, but for the breaking of a tooth, this account might be an obituary. Making due allowance for the missing end of his tail, bitten off in some ancient fight, the length of this crocodile fairly passed the fourteen-foot mark.

In character and habit the crocodile and the alligator differ widely, says a writer in Country Life in America. The crocodile is much more active. He is extremely shy and can seldom be surprised on land. But with his jaws tied, the crocodile becomes as submissive as a lamb, and it is quite safe to take him into a small boat and even to use him as a seat. One attempt to do this with an alligator will be sufficient for the ordinary sportsman. When the alligator gets through there will be no boat, and probably no sportsman. The flesh of the young crocodile has a finer flavor than that of the alligator, although both are good eating.

A Little Love Story.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman.

The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity, and she will love me for them."

But the man of action said: "How old-fashioned! I shall corner the stock market, and that will bring her."

So, the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of his, who ran a 10-cent magazine, to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other and became a billionaire.

In the meantime the girl married a man who inherited his money, and they lived happily ever after.

But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care; and the man of action was so busy he didn't care.

The only one to suffer was the man she married.—Smart Set.

A Sense of Value.

Mother (to her 7-year-old son, William, who has been growing free of speech)—Billy, dear, I will give you 10 cents a day for every day you don't say "darn fool."

Harold (little brother of five, with superior air)—Humph! If "darn fool" is worth 10 cents, I guess I know words that are worth a quarter.—Smart Set.

Compromised.

"Whew!" exclaimed Nuwed, "what's the matter with this mince pie?"

"Nothing," replied his wife, who was a white ribboner. "I followed your mother's recipe except where it called for brandy. I put root beer in instead."—Philadelphia Press.

Silence may be the wit of fools, but they seldom have it with them.

American Trade Long Ago.

To the notices which we have from time to time published of the favorable posture of trade we may add a gratifying view of our commerce with the United States. Its extent is probably more considerable than our readers would imagine. The exports from Scotland of manufactured goods to various parts of the Union will this year amount to about £2,000,000. The magnitude of the sum will appear more surprising when we consider the restrictions which prohibit us from taking in exchange agricultural produce. A trade so important it behooves us to cherish with all possible care, and it is gratifying to think that customers so valuable are a free people, little likely to impede her prosperity by projects of ambition.—London Globe, 1822.

Welsh Grammar and Spelling.

The following notice is inscribed above the door of a shop in a North Wales village: "—— Coblar, daler in Bacco Shag and Pig Bacon and Gingarbred Eggs laid every morning by me, and very good Paradise, in the summer gentlemen and Lady can have good Tae and Crumquets, and Strawbery with a scim milk, because I can't get no cream. N. B. Shuse and Boots medned very well."

Just What She Wanted.

"There are some spectacles," remarked the man who had traveled, "that can never be forgotten."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the absent-minded old lady. "I wish I had a pair of 'em!"—Chicago News.

Hewitt—I borrowed a policeman's uniform and put it on the other day.

Jewett—What did you do then?

"I don't know; I immediately fell asleep."—Smart Set.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Powdered sulphur applied daily is a good remedy for mildew on rosebushes.

Plants may be grown in comparatively small pots by applying a weak solution of guano.

Oregon is said to have a white sunflower which grows wild in some localities in the valleys of the Blue mountains.

Cress is the quickest growing of plants. Under perfect conditions it will flower and seed within eight days of planting.

A northern aspect for the orchard gives a colder and later soil and retards the blossoming until a later period, thus lessening the danger from spring frosts.

If for no other reason than its habit of late blooming, the salvia deserves a place in every garden. Nothing can be more splendid than a well grown bed of salvia in early autumn.

The finest house plants grow where the temperature does not get above 70 degrees nor lower than 60 degrees. But most of us would think we were freezing to death in rooms of the best temperature for plants, 65 degrees.

Something He Couldn't Invent.

Harold—That is Bessler, the famous inventor of the triple expansion engine, the automatic, double, back action, reversible, rapid fire gun, the compound electro hydro heated dynamo, the—

Rupert—But he looks distracted.

Harold—Yes; he can't invent a plausible excuse to give his wife for being late and he daren't go home.

"It is said that all parsons' sons turn out to be worthless. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Some parsons have no sons, you know."

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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

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TOWN NEWS

A damp, fine season for the water companies.

Joe Sanchez of Millbrae was in town Sunday.

G. W. Burnett of Alameda paid our town a visit Sunday.

The blast furnace made another trial run on Tuesday.

Contractor Healy has the frame of one of the Plymire cottages up.

Rudolph Gollink is very sick at the German Hospital in San Francisco.

Senator Healy has just received another schooner-load of lumber for his yard.

Frank Miner has filled in the ruts in the street in front of the Postoffice.

Frank Bastien has finished repapering twelve rooms in the Hansbrough Block.

U. S. Postoffice Inspector D. Coyne paid the Postoffice here a visit on Wednesday.

Work on the San Bruno Road is being prosecuted with a goodly force of men and teams.

Arthur Coombes has moved to Redwood City. He is still employed at the packing-house here.

The way the water has been coming down, its hard to understand why the water rates at San Mateo are going up.

Mr. Chas. Robinson's residence is again in quarantine. One of the children is down with scarlet fever and diphtheria.

The rainfall up to date for the season at this place, according to the record kept at the S. P. Company's station, is 18.29 inches.

The appointment of Dr. H. G. Plymire as Health Officer for San Mateo county gives very general satisfaction and is very gratifying to the people of our town. Supervisor Eikerenkotter is entitled to all the credit for the appointment.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Mrs. Josephine King died at the French Hospital in the City of San Francisco on Saturday of last week and was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery on Monday. She leaves a husband here, who is employed at the pottery. Mr. and Mrs. King have made this town their home the past two years.

John Lund, the Menlo Park coachman who robbed his employer and sundry other Menlo Park people and fled East with his plunder, has been sentenced to three years in San Quentin. Sheriff Mansfield arrived with Lund on the evening of the 13th, on the morning of the 14th Lund had his preliminary hearing and in the afternoon of the same day pleaded guilty in the Superior Court and was at once sentenced by Judge Buck.

SUPERVISORS MEET.

Official Ax Falls and Two Heads Are Lopped Off—Patronage Given to Republicans.

All of the members of the board were present Monday when the clerk called the roll. After the reading of the minutes of two previous meetings Attorney C. W. Eastin, representing the local fish and game association, addressed the members and presented a largely-signed petition praying that a new game ordinance be adopted having among its provisions a close season for rabbits from February 1st to July 1st and the prohibition at all times of the killing of tree squirrels and song birds. The taking of trout was limited to fifty in one day, and the language in the section relating to the hunting of rail is changed "at from high tide" to one hour before or after high tide. The penalty fixed for a violation of any of the provisions of the game ordinance is a fine of from $25 to $500 in the case of game and from $20 to $500 for violations of the fish sections. It is also recommended that a reward of $25 be paid for the conviction of offenders.

Mr. Eastin stated that many of the provisions suggested were in accordance with the state law and that the movement to protect songbirds and tree squirrels was already in effect in adjoining counties. He said that he had an ordinance ready for the consideration of the board, which he would present during the afternoon.

H. G. Plymire of South San Francisco petitioned the board to be appointed health officer, a vacancy in that office having occureed March 3d. On motion of Debenedetti, seconded by McCracken, the petition was laid over until afternoon.

A committee was received from the California Central Coast Counties Improvement Association asking the co-operation of the board in the selection of a road to the Big Basin Park. On motion of Debenedetti the communication was ordered filed.

The matter of receiving bids for the construction of a section of county road in the Canyada, between the Sickert and Byrne places, was next taken up. There was but one bid, that of John L. Byrne, who offered to do the work for $1222.75. McEvoy stated that he was convinced that the work could be done for less than the surveyor's estimate of $502. He moved that Mr. Byrne's bid be rejected and that the work be done under his (McEvoy's) supervision. The motion carried and it was ordered.

F. H. Thorpe presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We are informed Assembly bill No. 398, providing for the use of "Flood property," situate in this county, as State dairy school and experimental farm, and appropriating $20,000 therefor, has passed the State Assembly and Senate, and is now awaiting the Governor's signature to become effective; and

Whereas, We believe no better location for said school and farm could be obtained; and

Whereas, In view of withdrawal of said property from taxation, we believe same should be used for said purposes that we may receive some benefits to compensate us for loss of taxes thereon; and

Whereas, We are advised by our legal adviser, Hon. J. J. Bullock, District Attorney, and by Hon. Geo. C. Ross, that no provision contained in the deed to said property from Miss Flood would prevent the use of same as provided by Assembly bill No. 398; now therefore,

Resolved, That we most earnestly recommend said measure to his excellency Hon. Geo. C. Pardee for favorable consideration, and, in justice to us and in full faith of the merits of the proposed location of said school and farm, would request his approval of said bill.

It was ordered that the resolution be at once mailed to the Governor.

Owing to the continued bad weather, McCracken had been unable to investigate the route of the proposed road from Pescadero to Boulder Creek, and was granted a further extension of time until the next meeting.

An adjournment was taken for the noon recess.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The board reconvened at 1:45, all of the members being present.

On motion of McEvoy, seconded by Eikerenkottter, an application of Assessor Hayward to have certain changes made in the maps in his office was granted. Dr. W. M. Barret filed an application for reappointment as the county's health officer.

Eikerenkotter moved that the board proceed with the election of a health officer, as the county was without one on account of the expiration of Dr. Barret's term of office. McEvoy seconded Eikerenkotter's motion and the chairman ordered that the selection be made by ballot.

The first vote resulted in a tie, McEvoy not voting. A second ballot being taken, in which McEvoy cast a vote, the result was three votes for Dr. Plymire and two for Dr. Barret.

The chairman declared Dr. Plymire the choice of the board and the clerk was directed to issue a commission to him.

The hearing on the petition of Jewell and others, praying for the closing of certain streets in the Molitor tract at Belmont, was continued until the next meeting.

The same ordinance referred to by Mr. Eastin during the forenoon was presented and after some discussion was laid over until the next meeting.

McCracken presented a resolution declaring the Times-Gazette to be the official organ of the board and moved its adoption. McEvoy promptly seconded the motion and the resolution was adopted, Debenedetti voting no.

The plans of the proposed new courthouse were taken up for further discussion. McEvoy stated that he had given the matter much consideration, but was still unable to determine which of the plans were the most suitable. He suggested that the board employ a disinterested architect to act as its advisor.

Debenedetti thought that such a course would be an absurdity. Personally, he did not need assistance and besides it would be an injustice to the architects who had prepared the plans, as the expert might be more inclined to favoritism than to fairness.

The members of the board took a similar view of the matter and the architects were likewise emphatic in their disapproval of McEvoy's suggestion.

After a lengthy discussion of the matter Debenedetti moved its continuance until the next meeting, and it was so ordered.

The clerk was instructed to advertise for bids for the construction of a concrete bridge across Bear Gulch creek at Woodside.

The following claims were allowed on the general fund:

GENERAL FUND.

J H Mansfield	$146 60
E E Cunningham	12 75
Geo H Leary	6 00
San Mateo Lumber Co	66 81
Ceo W Lovie	5 00
Daily Pacific Builder	45 00
Sunset Telephone Co	50
" " "	1 50
C A Hooper & Co	12 69
Isabella Curran	25 00
James Crowe	34 50
A D Walsh	86 72
Democrat	66 90
Times-Gazette	55 25
Heaney & Jamieson	4 75
Redwood City Water Works	2 00
A D Walsh	100 00
W M Barret	4 00
Heaney & Jamieson	7 05
R J Carroll	4 50
W M Barref	55 00
Sunset Telephone Co	6 90
Yawman & Erke Mfg. Co	20 25

Adjourned to Monday, April 6th.

DEATH OF MRS. M. HUBER.

Mrs. M. Huber, mother of John Huber and Mrs. Walter S. Money, died at her home in Seattle, Washington, on Monday. John Huber left on Monday evening to attend the funeral. Mrs. Huber was well known and highly esteemed here and her husband and children have the sympathy of all our people in their sad bereavement.

Election Notice for Fire Commissioners.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held on Monday, April 6, 1903, for the purpose of electing three Fire Commissioners for the Fire District of South San Francisco, San Mateo County, State of California, for the ensuing year.

The following named citizens have been appointed Judges of said election, viz.: Richard Harder, J. E. Rogers and M. Foley. For Clerks: Mell Cohen and H. J. Vandenbos.

The polling place for said election will be at the court room in South San Francisco. Polls open from 8 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m.

D. O. DAGGETT,
H. GAERDES,
THOS. MASON.
Fire Commissioners of South San Francisco Fire District.

THE DOUBLE TRACK.

Railroad men are now speculating on when the double track will be finished. Some seem to think that this will be completed within the coming two months, while others say not before the middle of summer. The biggest part of the difficulty a few months back was the scarcity of steel. Now there is enough of this on the ground to finish the road. The grade is nearly finished to Santa Clara, and it will not be long before the crews will have finished that part of the main line. The gravel train from Campbell makes two trips a day filling in the newly laid track, and as soon as the weather permits it is expected that a couple more of these trains will be put on. The block signal men are getting well along and putting down their poles all along the line from San Bruno to San Jose. This piece of track between San Jose and San Francisco will be as good a piece as can be found in the State.—San Mateo Leader.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

South San Francisco, March 12, 1903.

My wife having this day left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract.

28m. WILLIAM SCHMIDT.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

The Exchange Building for hotel purposes. For full particulars inquire of W. J. Martin.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

A FOREIGN PRODUCT.

America Has Not Yet Developed the "Perfect Spendthrift."

Uneconomical and extravagant as we are, we have not yet developed the "perfect spendthrift" as he is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic. It seems at times as if he must be a product of an older, a more "effete" civilization. The man, either young or old, who runs through a large fortune quickly is a rarity with us. High as our standard of living and of the ordinary expense of living is, our standard of what might be called profligate extravagance is by no means so high. Of course pretty large sums are wasted in various forms of dissipation here as elsewhere. But that is not the point. To take the single item of gambling, how often do we hear of a man's being ruined by it here? No doubt we hear stories of tremendous sums lost and won, but such sums do not seem either "to make or to break" anybody. For men whose incomes are reckoned by the hundreds of thousands or millions to play hundred dollar poker is no great recklessness. But how often do we see young men of the small salaried sort punting $1,000 or $2,000 at a time at baccarat, as you can any day in France? We have not the instinct to save and scrape for eleven months in the year and then shell out all our savings in a fortnight.

I once met in France a young man of old provincial family, Legitimist to the backbone, proud and very poor. He was about twenty-one, modest, thoroughly "correct," as good, innocent a young fellow as one would care to meet, the sort of young man who seems to have been overlooked and left out in the cold by French fiction, though by no means a great rarity in French real life. I happened to ask him one day if he ever played cards. He said no, he did not care for that sort of thing, and besides his means would not permit it. "I never go into a gambling saloon," said he, "or into the cardroom of a club. Sometimes I may join in a little game of poker among friends just to pass the time, but only a very small game, never more than a louis limit." A louis limit! I wonder what clubman (out of the millionaire class) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or any of our larger eastern cities would call four dollar poker a "very small" game! —Scribner's.

The Widower.

"A widower," remarked the elderly female, "always reminds me of a baby."

"How's that?" queried the young girl.

"During the first six months he cries a good deal, the next six months he begins to take notice, and the odds are against his getting safely through his second summer."—Chicago News.

Feminine Felicity.

Eustacia—How pleased Eleanor looks tonight!

Edmonia—Yes; she's either had a proposal or some man has sent her a box of candy.—Exchange.

"No Kick Coming."

A railroad engineer who has been in the service so many years that his hair has grown iron gray and his visage as stern as a warrior's while he has driven his iron monster over the parallels of iron recently experienced his first collision. He came out of it with a badly demolished engine and a sufficiently smashed up leg for any occasion.

The surgeons took him in charge and by dint of splints, bandages, skill and patience saved his injured limb and got it on the road to recovery.

The other day he walked out for the first time, and as he hobbled along on crutches, the injured member looking very unwieldy indeed, a friend hailed him with: "Hello, Jim! How's that leg of yours getting along?"

The veteran has gray eyes, as clear and penetra ing as a youth's, and they twinkled with a tonic effect as he said, laconically:

"Oh, I can't kick!"—New York Times.

Not One.

"Just one," said the lover as he stood upon the stoop with his girl; "just one."

"Just 1," said the mother, putting her head out of the bedroom window above. "Well, I guess it ain't so late as that, but it's pretty near 12, and you'd better be going or her father will be down."

And the lover took his leave with a sad pain at his heart.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

By mutual agreement, the undersigned, James T. Casey and Benjamin Greene, hereby dissolve the partnership hitherto existing between them under the name of Casey & Greene, doing a Butcher and General Teaming Business in Colma, San Mateo County, on this 28th Day of February, 1903.

It is agreed that James T. Casey will collect all bills due the Butcher business and that Benjamin Greene will collect all bills due the Teaming business and the debts of each part of the business are assumed in the same manner.

J. T. CASEY
M7(4t) B. S. GREENE

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are very scarce and selling at higher prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, and at higher prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products higher.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9½@10c; 2d quality, 9@9½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½@8c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6¾@7¼c; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 lbs, 7¼@7½c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 7 @ 7¼c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5; hogs weighing under 140 lbs, 7@7¼c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4½@5c; Ewes, 4¼@4½c. Yearling Lambs, 5¼@5½; Spring Lambs, 6 @6¼c.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7¾@8c; second quality, 7¼c; first quality cows and heifers, 7@7½c; second quality, 6½@6¾c; third quality, 6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½c; medium, 9@9½c; small, good, 10@11c; common, 7½@8c.

MUTTON — Wethers, heavy, 10@10½c; light, 11 @ 11½c; Heavy Ewes, 9½ @ 10c; Light Ewes, 10 @10½c; Yearling Lambs, 10½@11c.; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 12½@15c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 10½@11c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½ @ 14¾c; picnic hams, 9@9¾c; Atlanta ham, 11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 17c; light S. C. bacon, 16½c; med. bacon, clear, 12½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13@13½c; clear, light bacon, 15c; clear ex. light bacon, 15½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $.....; do, hf-bbl, ...; Family Beef, bbl, $.....; hf-bbl, ...; Extra Mess, bbl, $.....; do, hf-bbl, ...

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12½c; do, light, 12½c; do, Bellies, 12 @ 12¾c; Extra Clear, bbls., $22.00 hf-bbls., $11.25, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls. $5.25; do, kits, ...

LARD—Prices are ₱ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8¼	8½	8½	8⅝	9	9⅛
Cal. pure	12	12¼	12¼	12¾	12¾	12¾

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

H. G. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

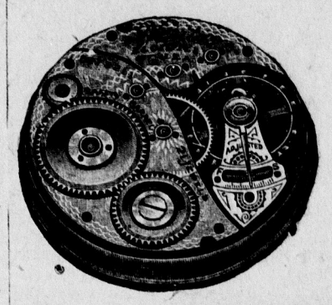
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Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

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—WHOLESALE—
THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
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BREWERIES
—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.
Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

The Real Thing.
A Genuine Wayside Inn.
Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.
Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.
Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.
Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.
W. R. MARKT. Proprietor.

San Mateo County
Building and Loan Association.
Assets, - - - $173,000.00.
Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.
NO ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.
GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

SIERRA POINT HOUSE
First-Class Family Resort
SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL GROVE ON FAMOUS SAN BRUNO ROAD.
Only the Choicest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars Served.
Table First Class.
Family Parties and Picnics a Specialty.
JOS. McNAMARA, Prop.



BADEN SHOE STORE
First-Class Stock
BOOTS : and : SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.
All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.
P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.
GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

J. L. WOOD,
Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.
Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.
Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Grip Leaves Thousands in its Path

Weak, Nervous, Dyspeptic Catarrh Wrecks



From N. Y. Journal. "During the recent Grip epidemic, claiming a million victims or more, the efficiency of Peruna in quickly relieving this malady and its after-effects has been the talk of the continent."

"For Grip and the after effects like debility, nervousness, dyspepsia and other catarrhal conditions resulting from the Grip, in the entire Materia Medica I have found no remedy that equals Peruna for prompt action."—Dr. S. B. Hartman, President the Hartman Sanitarium.

LIKE A DEMON grip has crossed our country, leaving behind scores of physical wrecks.

Victims of catarrh of the head, catarrh of the throat, catarrh of the lungs, catarrh of the stomach, catarrh of the kidneys, catarrh of the pelvic organs, are to be counted by hundreds of thousands. Grip is epidemic catarrh, and sows the seed of chronic catarrh within the system.

This is so true that few grip sufferers are able to make a complete recovery until they have used Peruna.

Never in the history of medicine has a remedy received such unqualified and universal eulogies as Peruna.

A New York Alderman's Experience.

Hon. Joseph A. Flinn, alderman Fifth District, writes from 104 Christopher street, New York City, as follows:

"When a pestilence overtakes our people we take precaution as a nation to preserve the citizens against the dread disease.

"La grippe has entered thousands of our homes this fall, and I noticed that the people who used Peruna were quickly restored, while those who depended on doctor's prescriptions spent weeks in recovering, leaving them weak and emaciated.

"I had a slight attack of la grippe and at once took Peruna, which drove the disease out of my system in a few days and did not hinder me from pursuing my daily work.

"I should like to see our Board of Health give it official recognition and have it used generally among our poor sick people in Greater New York."—Joseph A. Flinn.

D. L. Wallace, a charter member of the International Barbers' Union, writes from 15 Western avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.:

"Following a severe attack of la grippe I seemed to be affected badly all over. I suffered with a severe backache, indigestion and numerous ills, so I could neither eat nor sleep, and I thought I would give up my work, which I could not afford to do.

"One of my customers who was greatly helped by Peruna advised me to try it, and I procured a bottle the same day. I used it faithfully and felt a marked improvement. During the next two months I took five bottles, and then felt splendid. Now my head is clear, my nerves steady, I enjoy food, and rest well. Peruna has been worth a dollar a dose to me."—D. L. Wallace.

Mr. O. H. Perry, Atchison, Kansas, writes:

"Again, after repeated trials of your medicines, Peruna and Manalin, I give this as my expression of the wonderful results of your very valuable medicine in its effects in my case after repeated trials.

"First, it cured me of chronic bronchitis of fifteen years' standing by using two bottles of Peruna in January, 1894, and no return of it.

"After I was cured of bronchitis I had la grippe every winter for several winters. But, through the use of Peruna, it got gradually weaker in its severity, until it dwindled down to a mere stupor for two or three days. Now the stupor does not trouble me any more."—O. H. Perry.

A Congressman's Experience.

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen—"I am more than satisfied with Peruna, and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my famliy and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy."

Very respectfully,
George H. White.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

When a woman falls in love it's a toss up whether she will float or sink.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Happiness is the choir invisible of the soul.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The coward puts up a big bluff. The courageous man talks last.

Discretion is the aromatic bouquet of common sense.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Poverty is the nest where crime and vice are twin broods.

Act Like Magic.

Nothing abnormal about the action of Cascarets Candy Cathartic. They make the liver and bowels act naturally without strain. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Too much religion wrecks our faith in the divine.

Boys are sent to college to be educated that they don't know anything.

STOPS THE COUGH
Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
Cures in a day. Prescribed by all doctors and sold by all druggists. Guaranteed. 25c, 50c.

Tell no one that which you want no one but yourself to know.

If you must go to law hire the best lawyer available, for the best lawyer will win, without reference to justice or the facts.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner in the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co. doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

SEAL
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Never pay any attenton to an advertisement of a manager wanted. Managers are not secured in that way.—Atchison Globe.

When Writing to Advertisers . . .
Please Mention This Paper

S. F. N. P. U. No. 12, 1903.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Those who blurt out things which gets those you dislike into trouble, are ingenious; and those who tell on you are "blabs."

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

One may outlive hatred, but indifference is a perpetual cold storage investment.

Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, will supply you with Sun Flower Whiskey. Choice.

Nearly every man thinks he could create a great commotion by threatening to sell out, and leave town.

ESPECIALLY FOR CHILDREN.
Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
For Croup and Infantile coughs, contains no narcotics or stupefying drugs. 25c, 50c. Druggists.

The less a man has to do, the more apt he is to be late for his meals.

You can order a COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.'S Vehicle direct from the FACTORY at COLUMBUS, OHIO, and have same shipped to SAN FRANCISCO HOUSE in full carload, obtaining car-load freight rate, amounting to only a few dollars. Write Factory for Catalogue, mailed free.

The boy who doesn't fall in love with his school teacher and wants her to wait till he grows up and can marry her has a hopeless future.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY
Use Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
Prescribed by the best physicians for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. 25c, 50c. At all druggists.

A man marries the girl he tries to hide things from, not the one he makes a confidant of.

A reward of fame and money awaits him who supplies our needs with something better—as "Old Gilt Edge Whisky." Wichman, Lutgen & Co., 320 Clay st., S. F., sole proprietors.

A woman can make herself love any man who quotes sentimental poetry about feminine nobility.

We come to you with the finest line of whiskies in the United States. Established since 1852. O. K. Cutter Whisky. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

MONEY TO LOAN
On city and town property in California. May be repaid in easy installments. Moderate interest. Address The American Guaranty & Trust Company 320-1-2-3 Hayward Bldg., San Francisco

When a man goes home and finds his dinner the way he likes it and his wife unusually tender, it is either his mother-in-law coming or the bill for some furs.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them, to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 381

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

This is the way a woman looks at it: If a friend is dying who hasn't your doctor, it is criminal carelessness that is killing her; if she is dying and has your doctor, the ways of Providence are past finding out.

Health

"For 25 years I have never missed taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla every spring. It cleanses my blood, makes me feel strong, and does me good in every way."—John P. Hodnette, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pure and rich blood carries new life to every part of the body. You are invigorated, refreshed. You feel anxious to be active. You become strong, steady, courageous. That's what Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for you.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

QUEEN BECOMES DOCTOR.

Consort of King of Portugal Attends Poor as a Physician.

Queen Amelie of Portugal has taken her degree of M. D. and is now the chief physician of her husband, King Carlos, and of her children. The queen's great hobby is medicine, but she has written and published treatises on a variety of scientific subjects, as well as a volume of poems.

Like her mother, the accomplished countess of Paris, the young queen is passionately fond of horses and dogs and has written a very entertaining volume of "Animal Anecdotes," being true stories of her own pets. The queen devotes most of her time she can spare from the imperative duties of her position to scientific and literary pursuits; she also has the entire supervision of her two sons' education.

It has often been said of the queen that she is the most energetic woman in the kingdom; she rises punctually at 8, an early hour for the "dolce far niente" Portuguese. After breakfast, which the queen takes alone with the king, she retires to her study and proceeds to read the principal French, English, German, Portuguese and Spanish newspapers of the day. Queen Amelie is a great linguist and speaks these five languages with equal fluency. The work of reading the daily papers being accomplished, the queen takes a short walk or drive with the king, returning to the palace at 11; she then resumes her work in her private study until 1 o'clock.

It is during these two hours that Queen Amelie accomplishes her principal literary labors of the day. The king and queen lunch at 1, after which they take a drive, during which Queen Amelie makes a point of visiting one of the Lisbon city hospitals. King Carlos' charming consort is well known to the invalids of the hospitals, who look forward to her visits as the principal event of the day.

The queen always has a word of kindness and encouragement for the patients, in whom she takes a genuine personal interest. She often bandages the wounds of poor patients herself and this work she performs as well as a professional, in the opinion of the hospital doctors. Indeed, it is stated, says a correspondent of the New York Times, that but few trained nurses are as competent in hospital duty as Queen Amelie, who seems to be a natural-born physician.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS



A statute imposing a penalty on agents transacting business within the State for foreign partnerships which have not complied with conditions not required of local partnerships is held, in State vs. Cadigan (Vt.), 57 L. R. A. 66, to be void as discriminating against such agents in favor of those of local firms.

Merely exempting a witness in a criminal case from liability to have his testimony used against him in case he is subsequently prosecuted for an offense to which it relates is held, in in re Carter (Mo.), 57 L. R. A. 654, not to be sufficient to prevent his claiming the protection of a constitutional provision that no person shall be compelled to testify against himself in any criminal case.

The vendor's interest in a partially performed contract to purchase land of which the vendee has been put in possession is held, in Bowen vs. Lansing (Mich.), 57 L. R. A. 643, to pass to his personal representative on his death, and not to be subject to execution for the debts of his heir. The nature of the interest of vendor or vendee in a land contract, as real or personal property, is considered in a note to this case.

A contract between a sheriff and his deputy, providing that the deputy as such shall collect all the taxes and do all the work of the sheriff's office in one district, and that he shall have all the fees and commissions allowed by law upon the work done by him, and in consideration thereof shall pay the sheriff $100 a year, is held, in White vs. Cook (W. Va.), 57 L. R. A. 417, to be in violation of the State statutes prohibiting the sale or farming of any office under the laws of the State.

The contract of a married woman as surety on a note is held, in Union National Bank vs. Chapman (N. Y.), 57 L. R. A. 513, to be governed by the law of the place where her signature is affixed and the instrument delivered to the payee, although the note is payable in another State, and, as against the makers, has no valid inception until its negotiations in the later State if the surety has no knowledge that it is to be negotiated there, or intention that her contract shall be governed by the laws of that State. The subject of conflict of laws as to capacity of a married woman to contract is discussed in a note to this case.

Our heart goes out to those women who work so hard in keeping house by cutting bakers' bread and opening canned goods.

DYSPEPSIA OF WOMEN.



Mrs. E. B. Bradshaw, of Guthrie, Okla., cured of a severe case by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A great many women suffer with a form of indigestion or dyspepsia which does not seem to yield to ordinary medical treatment. While the symptoms seem to be similar to those of ordinary indigestion, yet the medicines universally prescribed do not seem to restore the patient's normal condition.

Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine-tonic effects as well.

Thousands of testimonial letters prove beyond question that nothing will relieve this distressing condition so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It always works in harmony with the female system.

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address Lynn, Mass.

GREELEY'S REVENGE.

Outcome of the Editor's Tiff With Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The late Elizabeth Cady Stanton was particularly apt at retort, and one of her swift parries of a thrust delivered by Horace Greeley against her favorite doctrine of woman suffrage is historic.

"Madam," said Horace one day during the civil war, "the ballot and the bullet go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?"

"Certainly, sir," she responded. "I am ready to fight, just as you are fighting, through a substitute."

Notwithstanding their differences of opinion, Mrs. Stanton and Greeley were personally friendly until the New York constitutional convention of 1868. A woman suffrage clause was strenuously pressed upon that body and as vigorously opposed by Mr. Greeley. One day, after the Tribune editor had made some particularly rasping remarks upon the subject, George William Curtis rose and said:

"I have the honor, Mr. Chairman, to present a petition in favor of the woman suffrage amendment signed by Mrs. Horace Greeley and 300 other ladies."

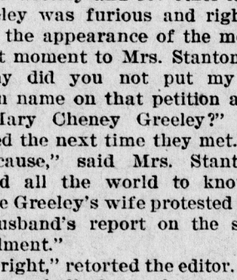
Greeley was furious and rightly ascribed the appearance of the memorial at that moment to Mrs. Stanton.

"Why did you not put my wife's maiden name on that petition and call her Mary Cheney Greeley?" he demanded the next time they met.

"Because," said Mrs. Stanton, "I wanted all the world to know that Horace Greeley's wife protested against her husband's report on the suffrage amendment."

"All right," retorted the editor. "Hereafter you shall always be spoken of in the Tribune as Mrs. Henry B. Stanton." And so it was to the time of her death, although the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton was known to hundreds of thousands who could not identify the woman by the appellation under which the Tribune, for revenge, tried to obscure her fame.—Pilgrim.

Babies in Penjdeh have the back of the head flattened artificially by their mothers, and as another mark of beauty their noses are sharpened and a dimple formed on their chin. The head is flattened by making the child sleep with it on the hard soil or inside an earthenware pot. Each day the mother presses the nose with her fingers to make it long and pointed and indents the chin with a stem. In some cases the legs are straightened by means of bands. In America the Chinooks flatten the forehead.



How?

By soothing and subduing the pain, that's the way

St. Jacobs Oil

Cures

Neuralgia

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Finding More Material.

"How large is your Mammoth cave?" asked the foreign tourist.

"Nobody knows exactly," said the native. "It's so large, though, and people get lost in it so easily, that when a man is about to explore it he makes his will and wishes his weeping friends goodby."

"Most astonishing! I never heard that before!"

"Oh, well, of course, it isn't quite so bad as that. I was only joking."

[Entry in foreign tourist's notebook: "Another curious custom among Americans is that when they tell an amazing lie they call it a joke."]—Chicago Tribune.

True Mercy.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "you are convicted of bigamy, of having married two wives. Have you any plea for mercy before the sentence of the court is imposed on you?"

"Yes, judge," said the prisoner. "Give me as big a sentence in jail as you can."

"What?"

"I want to keep out of the clutches of those two wives as long as I can, and a long jail sentence will be true mercy."—Baltimore Herald.

An Undesirable Place.

Weary Wraggles—Hey! You won't git nothin' decent in dere. Dem people is vegetarians.

Hungry Hank—Is dat right?

Weary Wraggles—Yeh, an' dey get a dog w'at ain't.—Philadelphia Press.

Charity.

Charity itself commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all. But friendship, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.

Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble minded and puzzled spirits.—Disraeli.

Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles,—pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Forming in combination the Spring Medicine *par excellence*, of unequalled strength in purifying the blood as shown by unequalled, radical and permanent cures of

Scrofula	Salt Rheum
Scald Head	Boils, Pimples
All Kinds of Humor	Psoriasis
Blood Poisoning	Rheumatism
Catarrh	Dyspepsia, Etc

Accept no substitute, but be sure to get Hood's, and get it today.

A man who thinks that a woman does not know anything sometimes wakes up to the fact that she knew enough to ruin him.

Salzer's Rape gives Rich, green food at $5 a ton

SPELTZ—What is it! Catalog tells.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

FARM SEEDS

SALZER'S SEEDS NEVER FAIL!

1,000,000 Customers

Proudest record of any seedsman on earth, and yet we are reaching out for more. We desire, by July 1st, 300,000 more and hence this unprecedented offer.

$10.00 for 10c.

We will mail upon receipt of 10c. in stamps our great catalogue, worth $100.00 to any wide awake farmer or gardener, together with many farm seed samples, Teosinte, Beardless Barley, Bromus, Rape, etc., etc., positively worth $10.00 to get a start with, upon receipt of but 10c. in stamps.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LACROSSE, WIS.

Please send this adv. with 10c. to Salzer.

Catalog alone, 5c. Send us cents.

TAKE THE KEELEY

After everything else has failed

The Keeley Treatment

will cure the most stubborn case of Alcoholism or drug using. If you have a friend to be saved write today for printed matter.

The KEELEY INSTITUTE
FORMERLY OF LOS GATOS
870 Market St., Donohoe Bld. SAN FRANCISCO

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50
UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Goodyear Welt (Hand-Sewed Process) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$25,000 REWARD
will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.



Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for $3.50 and $3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for $4 and $5.00. W. L. Douglas $3.50 and $3 shoes are worn by thousands of men who have been paying $4 and $5, not believing they could get a first-class shoe for $3.50 or $3.00.

He has convinced them that the style, fit, and wear of his $3.50 and $3.00 shoes is just as good. Give them a trial and save money.

Notice Increase in Business: 1899 Sales: $9,208,985.21; 1902 Sales: $15,024,840.00. A gain of $5,820,456.79 in Four Years.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 GILT EDGE LINE, Worth $6.00 Compared with Other Makes.

The best imported and American leathers, Heyl's Patent Calf, Enamel, Box Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets.

Caution: The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



SINNERS will like us when we are like them.

You cannot lay one devil by raising another.

The least man is greater than the whole world.

The pearl of patience grows in the shell of pain.

A small door may lead to a large room.

A godly heart is better than a golden tongue.

If you will not lend love you cannot borrow any.

Spiritual strength is the secret of all strength.

God does not measure our sanctity by our sighs.

Failures are often God's fitting for future success.

Without tale-hearers there would be no tale-bearers.

Straight character cannot come out of crooked living.

It sometimes takes a long time to make up a little mind.

Only a small man will blame his circumstances for his size.

A man begins to go down the moment he ceases to look up.

The decision for the right is always more difficult than the doing of it.

God's holiness is the keystone of the bridge between earth and heaven.

The prayer of the publican would be a boast on the lips of the Pharisee.

To cultivate the soul is not to sacrifice the sense, but to subdue the senses.

The more fashionable the devil appears the more fatal will be his approach.

The skies are never so bright as when they have been washed by a shower.

There will be some people disappointed as to the dollars they thought they laid up in heaven every time they invested a dime in a church dinner.

JUST ONE TINY WORD.

He Begged for One with Three Letters and Got It.

There was a lull in the shopping and the two salesladies became confidential.

"Oh, Mame, is it really true that you have thrown over the young man at the ribbon counter?"

"Sure thing!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really! He's the hardest young man to please I ever saw."

"Really?"

"Yes, really!"

"Oh, Mame do tell me!"

"Well, he called the other night and before I could guess what he was going to do he dropped right down on his knees before me."

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really! Oh, Jen, it was just like the real thing in the drammer!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really! He said he couldn't live without me. Honest he did!"

"Oh, Mame!"

"And that I was the light of his soul."

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really! All he said he asked of me was to whisper one little word—just one little word of three letters. He said it was such a tiny word that I ought to be willing to oblige him."

"Oh, Mame, did you?"

"Sure I did!"

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really! I said 'nit!'"

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really! And then he got mad!"

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really!"

Then a fat lady with a red face and a thirst for bargains, says the Detroit Free Press, interrupted the conversation.

The Miner's Daughter.

"Ah," said the count, "zis ees not ze lady I would have for my wife. She ees what you call plain."

"But her father owns a coal mine," replied the general manager of the International Title and Trust Syndicate.

"I care not for zis gold mine. I——"

"Not gold mine. I said coal mine—hard coal."

"Ah, my dear friend! How beautiful zis lady ees! My heart he what you call leap wis love!"

Ghost of the Past.

An Atchison old maid, in clearing out a lot of old traps recently, found a school "composition" written when she was 12 years old, the subject of which was "Old Maids." In it she says that every one hates them, and children run away when they approach. Ever have the ghost of your youth return to slap you like that?—Atchison Globe.

Her Kindly Assurance.

"I don't take any interest in these investigations as to whether monkeys talk," remarked Willie Wishington.

"I don't see why you should," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't believe a monkey would be able to tell you anything that you couldn't have thought of for yourself."

Still Waiting.

"I wonder," said the shivering furnace, "if the time will come this winter when I can count on a good square meal."—New York Times.

When a young man wants to get rid of his best girl he should take her skating and let her slide.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

"REIGN OF ELOQUENCE IS PASSING."

By Judge Kavanagh, of Chicago.



Honesty, courage, intelligence and health are necessary to marked success even in commercial pursuits, where the attainment of money is the only thing desired. In the learned professions there must be added to these learning, tact in the management of the people and skill along the lines to be pursued. The successful lawyer must have as excess baggage ease of expression and an indefinable adaptability for throwing oneself wholly into the concerns of another. But, most of all, he must in these latter days possess business ability. The most successful lawyer is he who is of greatest assistance to the buiness man. The reign of eloquence is passing, if not altogether gone. It is of assistance still, but not indispensable. Juries yawn before fiery oratory, and the upper courts now reverse cases because of it.

JEALOUSY AN ABUSED SENTIMENT.

By Paola Montegazza, Italian Professor.



Jealousy is a constitutional psychological malady, and when born in one is difficult to conquer. It poisons the dearest joys of life; it penetrates into all the pores of the skin. Every drop of water is saturated with its venom; it impregnates every mouthful of bread. It transforms the man who loves into a soldier, always in arms, his ear strained, his eye alert. The jealous man carefully watches, he always doubts, always suffers. He questions the past, the present, the future. In a caress he seeks a falsehood, in a kiss indifference, in love hypocrisy. What a life of torment!

Jealousy not being an elementary psychic phenomenon, but a variable mixture, takes different ethnic forms as numerous as they are varied. The jealousy of a number of oriental peoples is familiar. Of all Europeans the Italians, Spaniards, and, above all, the Portuguese, are the most jealous. In America the Brazilians are the most jealous. Jealousy is necessarily stronger in polygamous peoples than among monogamous. And just as it has already diminished in the monogamous society it will tend to decrease in the future, when marriage will no longer be sanctified without love, when the choice will always be reciprocal, when every trace of hypocrisy shall have disappeared from the relations of the sexes.

Can we love any one more dearly than our children? Certainly not. Yet we are not jealous of those who love them, although father and mother with sublimity vie with each other as to who can love them the most. Love your companion in love in the same way. But this is vain counsel, words thrown to the wind.

FEDERAL AID NEEDED IN HIGHWAY DEVELOPMENT.

By Representative Walter P. Brownlow of Tennessee.



The fact that the United States government has taken no substantial part in building or maintaining public highways in this country for the last two generations is accepted by many people as final proof that the general government is forbidden, either by constitutional limitations or by sound public policy, from engaging in any such internal improvement.

On the other hand it should be noted that no system of public highways was ever built up or maintained in any country without the substantial aid of the general government. The almost universal lack of improvement in our public road system is directly referable to the fact that we have had no well established national road policy. Those who have done most to agitate for permanent improvements have found that the farmers of the country have almost invariably been opposed to any general and durable roads; although it is generally conceded that the farmers would be benefited as much, if not more, than any other class of people by such roads.

The real reason for the farmer's objection is found in the fact that, according to the ordinary scheme of improvement, he would be called upon to pay the entire burden of cost; which he intuitively feels to be greater than he ought to bear, if not greater than he is able to bear.

Considering this long continued opposition by the people in the rural districts, and the lack of policy on the part of the general government, and especially considering that road building is undoubtedly a public duty which rests upon the government in some form, it seems clear that the farmers are entitled to some assistance in bearing the necessary burden of cost to improve the public highways. The United States government should step forward with some definite policy and assume some share of the burden and responsibility which is necessary to produce a creditable system of public highways. What we have seen and are seeing in the development of rural free mail delivery should be repeated in the matter of permanent improvemnts to the highways.

What members of Congress want is an expression from their constituencies showing what is desired in the several districts. There are many rural districts which have no great rivers, or great harbors, or great cities which entitle them to public buildings; but there is no district but has many miles of public roads which need to be permanently improved.

It is a remarkable fact that the United States government has already appropriated $1,000,000 to Porto Rico for road-building, and another $1,000,000 to the Philippine Islands; and the Secretary of War has just made an appeal to Congress through the President of the United States, who strongly indorses that appeal, to have $3,000,000 appropriated for the use of the Philippine government.

TRUSTS' RIGHTS AND RIGHTFUL USES.

By Franklin Murphy, Governor of New Jersey.



There has been much discussion of late on the subject of trusts, and New Jersey is largely interested in the matter by reason of the large number of corporations organized under her laws. The fees and taxes from these corporations are sufficient to pay the annual expenses of the State, to pay a large proportion of the cost of our public education, and to leave a handsome surplus besides. Other States, envious of our prosperity, have copied our laws, reduced their fees, and solicited our business.

As a matter of fact, there are few, if any, real trusts, and the name is given promiscuously to large corporations of all kinds, especially if composed of a combination of a number of smaller concerns. It is a wrong use of the term and it carries an unjust inference, but it has come into common use.

The country has no more occasion for alarm than the Arab has for an Ifrit or we have for the ogre of our childhood. And were the situation really threatening, I still would have supreme faith in the ability of the people of the country to protect themselves in any emergency that might arise. The danger is not to the people from the greed of corporate power asserting itself unwisely, but to the corporations themselves.

Because of this alleged danger it has become the fashion of the day to assail corporations on general principles, and the public man who is bold enough to say a word in their favor runs the risk of bitter criticism as to his motive, as if it were a crime to be a stockholder and immoral to be the friend of a stockholder. It is time the air should be cleared. The corporations have their rights, as the individuals have theirs. We undertake here in New Jersey to protect them in their rights. We have taken their money and sold them the charters under which they do their business. We continue to take their money each year in the shape of taxes, for which we give them the continued protection of our laws.

RHEUMATISM

ACUTE AND CHRONIC, MUSCULAR, MERCURIAL, ARTICULAR AND INFLAMMATORY.

Some people have been suffering from Rheumatism so long that they can scarcely remember the time when they were entirely free from an ache or pain, and have long since forgotten the joys of a painless existence. They are at the mercy of every ill wind, and their misery is aggravated by exposure to cold or sudden changes in the temperature. They become walking barometers and most accurate in weather predictions, the increasing pains in muscles and joints foretelling the approaching storm or the coming of bad weather. It is from these constant sufferers that the great army of rheumatic cripples is recruited. Their bodies are worn out by the incessant pains and the joints become so stiffened and bent that they are at last compelled to give up or hobble about on crutches.

Nobody ever outlived Rheumatism; the disease never loosens its grip or leaves of its own accord, but must be driven out by intelligent and persistent treatment through the blood, for Rheumatism of every variety and form is caused by an over acid condition of the blood, and the deposit in muscles, joints and nerves of corrosive poisons and gritty particles, and it is these irritating substances that produce the inflammation, swelling and pains, which last as long as the blood remains in this sour and acid state.

To cure Rheumatism permanently the blood must be purified and invigorated, and no other remedy does this so well or so promptly as S. S. S. It refreshes and restores to the thin acid blood its nourishing and health-sustaining properties. And when strong, rich blood is again circulating through the body the acid poisons and irritating matter are washed out of the muscles and joints, and the pains at once cease and Rheumatism is a thing of the past. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable medicine and does not derange the stomach like the strong mineral remedies, but builds up the general health, increases the appetite and tones up the digestion.

Through our Medical Department the pain-racked, despondent Rheumatic sufferer will receive helpful advice from Physicians of experience and skill without charge. Write us fully about your case.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Bowling Green, Ky.

Gentlemen:—About a year ago I was attacked by acute Rheumatism in my shoulders, arms and legs below the knee. I could not raise my arm to comb my hair. Doctors prescribed for me for over two months without giving me any relief. I saw S. S. S. advertised and decided to try it. Immediately I commenced its use I felt better, and remarked to my mother that I was glad I had at last found some relief. I continued its use and am entirely well. I will always feel deeply interested in the success of S. S. S. since it did me so much good. Yours truly,

MRS. ALICE HORTON.

311 Twelfth Street.

LONDON WOMAN INSPECTORS.

They Are Trained for Duty and Fill Important Posts.

In view of the recent victory of woman principals here in the struggle for recognition in the selection of the higher officers of the school system, it is interesting to look abroad and see how the "weaker sex" are faring in their endeavors to obtain a footing in positions from which they have hitherto been excluded in London. On Jan. 15 a meeting was held by the Linnaean Society to discuss whether women should be admitted to fellowship. A circular having been sent to the members requesting votes on the question, 301 answered favoring their admission, 126 negatived it, while 313 were still to be heard from. The Botanic Society already admits them.

As sanitary inspectors women are rapidly gaining ground in London. They were utilized as inspectors of the slums of the overcrowded city of Glasgow many years ago, but it was not until 1893 that London followed the example. The vestry of Kensington appointed two in that year. They have been found such a success that there are now twenty-two women employed in that capacity under the borough councils, at salaries ranging from $400 to $750 a year. The work consists in the inspection of all public places where women work, including homes where they take in outside work, tenement-house visiting, and last, but by no means least, the investigation of causes of infectious disease. These inspectors must be trained and undergo an examination before being eligible for a berth. Their training embraces the study of physics and chemistry in relation to air, water, soil and vegetation, also municipal hygiene and building construction.

IRELAND'S JOAN OF ARC.

Maud Gonne to Wed an Irishman Who Fought with the Boers.

Announcement is made of the betrothal in France of Maude Gonne, the Irish Joan of Arc and the fair high priestess of Irish revolution, and Major John McBride, who with the American, Col. John Y. Fillmore Blake, commanded the Irish brigade in South Africa during the Boer war.

Miss Gonne for more than a decade has been a strong and ardent champion of Irish independence and is well known in this country, where she has lectured in favor of the cause so dear to her. Most of her time since she became a champion of Ireland has been spent in France, and in Paris she conducts a paper in advocacy of her principles.

She was not always an Irish sympathizer. She was born in Dublin, the daughter of an Irishman of aristocratic lineage, and who once held the post of military attache to the British embassy at St. Petersburg. The misery and distress which she saw on every side in Ireland greatly impressed her compassionate heart, but during the lifetime of her parents she was held in check by their loyal sentiments. When, however, she found herself at the age of 19 an orphan and possessed of a goodly inheritance, she decided to



MISS MAUD GONNE.

devote her life to the amelioration of the conditions surrounding her. She would go among the evicted tenants, preaching to them the necessity of rallying to the cause of home rule. That her labors were effective is proved by the fact that the British government issued an order for her arrest. She fled to France before the arrest could be made. She has often visited Ireland since, but has not been molested.

Miss Gonne is a beautiful woman and is a forcible writer and lecturer. Major McBride is a native of County Mayo, Ireland, and since the close of the Boer war has been living in France.

The next time you complain of being overworked, think of the time you waste.

HE LOVED HER JUST THE SAME.

His Antics Were Not Due to Any Derangement of His Affections.

It was 9:30 o'clock in the drawing room of the home of Miss Clara Armstretch. As the last notes of the piano died away the young lady in question suddenly whirled around and gazed long and fixedly at the agitated countenance of her embarrassed fiance.

"Mr. Mainspoke," she said, bitterly, "this is too much. When you first came in this evening it was evident to me that you intended to provoke a quarrel. There was a marked coolness in your manner, and as we sat on the sofa together you edged away and insisted upon changing to a chair. Even there, however, you were not contented, but you suddenly arose and I caught you glancing at the clock. Several times I saw you start to pace the floor as if something was on your mind, and now, when at your request I play your favorite air on the piano, I catch you trying to mimic me behind my back. This has gone far enough. If, sir, you wish to break off the engagement, you have only to speak. Let there be no further shillyshallying."

James Mainspoke loved the indignant girl before him better than his life, says the New York Times, and he became conscious that unless he told the plain truth she was lost to him forever.

"Darling," he said, his face suffused with blushes, 'if you must know, I have on a suit of brand-new underwear."

Carrying Out His Instructions.

Prior to the last solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for his sergeant and observed: "There will be an eclpise of the sun tomorrow. The regiment will meet on the parade grounds in undress. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed, as usual." Whereupon the sergeants drew up the following order of the day: "To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on parade ground, where the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

Knew the Sex.

Wife—"I found out something to-day that I promised never to tell."

Husband—"Well, go ahead; I'm listening."

POINTS ABOUT TURTLES.

They Are Not So Much Like One Another as Many People Think.

In moist places in the fields and meadows may be found the wood tortoise, a sober sort of turtle of a brown or reddish brown color above, the shell having a ridge in its middle along the back, says Nature Study. Each plate of the shell underneath has a black blotch.

In mud holes and in small ponds, often resting on a log or stone above the water, one may almost always find the painted turtle, which has the margin of the shell marked red, while the shell underneath is yellow. These turtles are not so easily captured as the wood turtles, for they are rather timid and often slip into the water when approached, but with patience and ingenuity they can be outwitted at last and one secured for examination.

It will be rare good fortune to find a turtle at a meal and see him hold his food, sometimes with one fore foot, sometimes with the other, but never with both at once, as cats and dogs often do.

After watching him for awhile try to find whether he always draws his tail in on the same side of his box house. Experiment with the same turtle over and over; then sometimes try other turtles in the same way and find out for yourself whether turtles vary in this matter of hiding away their tails. This is more important than you can imagine. If all the animals and plants of the same sort were always the same there would never be any change in the living world.

Count the toes on the fore feet and on the hind feet, noticing whether there are the same number all around. As you find other turtles, particularly in different parts of the country, if you travel about, or in such museums as you can visit, see what differences you can find in this matter of the number and arrangement of turtles' toes. It is not so silly as it may appear to some people. Notice also that some turtles have webbed feet, to enable them to swim the better.

Manage in some way to open the turtle's mouth and find whether it has teeth, or only hard and rather sharp cutting edges along the jaws. Touch the eyes gently with a small stick and see the turtle draw a thin skin over them. This is the third eyelid, the same as in hens, pigeons and birds generally. Notice that the feet and tail are covered with scales; then some time examine the foot of a hen or pigeon and see that they are scaly also. In this matter of the third eyelid and the scales the birds and the turtles have features in common. Perhaps some time you will learn how it happened and will find it a very interesting story.—New York Tribune.

How He Declined.

Lady—Doctor, I wish you would call around to see my husband some evening when he is at home. Do not let him know that I asked you because he declares he is not sick, but I know he has consumption or something. He's going into a decline.

Doctor—I am astonished, but I will call. What are his symptoms?

Lady—He hasn't any except weakness. He used to hold me on his lap by the hour, and now even the baby tires him.—West Union Record.

At the Masked Ball.

Male Dancer—I know who you are, my fair partner.

Female Ditto—Who am I then, pray?

Male Ditto—Oh, I am quite positive. I recognize you by those lovely white, pearly teeth.

Female Ditto—Why, I only got them this morning. Ha, ha!—From the German.

The Bible and Its Contents.

There are no less than 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, 773,697 words, 31,198 verses and 1,189 chapters.

The number of verses in the Bible commencing with A are 12,638; B, 2,207; C, 183; D, 17; E, 207; F, 1,797; G, 209; H, 1,164; I, 1,449; J, 158; K, 65; L, 411; M, 437; N, 961; O, 592; P, 149; Q, 4; R, 127; S, 1,088; T, 5,286; U, 83; V, 37; W, 1,396; X, none; Y, 356; Z, 17.

To read the Bible through in a year means reading three chapters every weekday and five chapters each Sunday.

All the letters of the alphabet are contained in the twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra.

The Bible was not divided into chapters, as it is now, until the thirteenth century. Early Hebrew Bibles were marked into sections and verses by means of accents, which served as marks to be observed in the eastern manner of reading. The work of dividing the Bible into chapters has been attributed by some to Stephen Langton. The division into verses was made by a printer of the name of Robert Stephens in 1548 and was adopted throughout all editions.

The American Language.

"It used to be considered a witticism to ask a man whether he spoke United States," said an English university man at the Lawyers' club the other day, "but there is in fact an American language, distinctive from the king's English not only in idioms and in the use of particular words, but in the clipping of words to save time and breath. On this side of the Atlantic one scarcely ever hears 'I have' and 'you are.' You hurrying Americans say 'I've' and 'you're.' You shorten up 'cannot' into 'can't,' and your purest speakers use 'don't' and 'won't,' and it is almost a universal habit among Americans to clip the 'g' off words ending in 'ing.' Even your professors of English fail to sound the 'e' in 'righteous' and 'courteous' and shorten 'knowledge' into 'knoledge.' I might recite scores of words that are practically shortened by a syllable in usage, and as usage makes language you Americans are gradually constructing a speech that is quite distinct from that form of English which Oxford and Cambridge are preserving with such care."—New York Times.

Falcon Lore.

No one can pretend to any acquaintance with English literature or even with the English language without being aware how deep an impress has been left upon them by the art and practice of falconry. Such words as "haggard," "eyrie," "mews," "cadger," to "lure," to "stoop," to "reclaim," all belonged originally to the falconer's jargon and were thence adopted into common parlance.

A whole host of well worn quotations, including the long misunderstood passage in Hamlet about the "hand saw" (heron shaw), can only be properly explained by reference to the falconer's craft, and several of the most picturesque metaphors used by our best poets derive their virtue from the hawking field.—London Saturday Review.

More than 200 years ago the Dutch rulers of Ceylon, anxious to retain their monopoly of the precious spice for which that island is famous, enacted a law which made it a capital offense to buy or sell the wild jungle cinnamon, then the only sort known. The plants, wherever found, were held to be the property of the state. If a shrub chanced to spring up in a man's dooryard, he could neither destroy nor use it under severe penalties. Things are happily different now.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence. she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

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Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

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